

D E M E T R I U S

AND

ENANTHE.

DEMETRIUS AND ENANTHE,

BEING

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT,

A PLAY,

By JOHN FLETCHER:

PUBLISHED FROM A MANUSCRIPT DATED 1625,

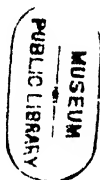
AND CONTAINING

PASSAGES NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

REFERENCE

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B.A.



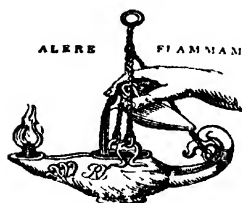
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P R E F A C E.

THE following piece,—the *Humorous Lieutenant* of Fletcher, under the title of *Demetrius and Enanthe*, —is printed *verbatim et literatim* from a transcript made by Ralph Crane for Sir Kenelm Digby. It is a beautiful specimen of penmanship, forming a thin quarto volume bound in gilded vellum; and has been preserved in the family* of Williams of Penbedw in the county of Denbigh: it came into their possession by the marriage of Richard Williams, Esq. with the daughter and heiress of Richard Mostyn, Esq. of Penbedw, whose wife was Charlotta Theophila Digby, grand-daughter of Sir Kenelm. it now belongs to W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., to whose liberality the lovers of our early drama are indebted for its publication.

The *Humorous Lieutenant* was first given to the press in the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647. The Manuscript from which the present work is printed bears date 1625: it contains

* This family also possesses several of the pictures and a great part of the library of Sir Kenelm Digby, including the superb genealogy of the Digbys, the Percies, and Stanleys, (said to have been illuminated at the cost of more than 1000*l.*.) and Sir Kenelm's Journal, in his own hand-writing, kept when he was Admiral in the Narrow Seas.

several passages, not found in the folio, which I have indicated by *Italic type* : it also exhibits many minute variations from the folio, which I have not thought it necessary to mark, but which the next editor of Beaumont and Fletcher must not fail to examine with attention. A new and complete edition of those poets is, indeed, a desideratum in our literature : it is to be hoped that it will be undertaken by some gentleman fully competent to execute such a task ; that he will illustrate, but not *over-illustrate*, the portions of the text that require a comment ; and that he will not swell his notes with useless exultations over the errors of his immediate predecessor ;—Gifford has joined the critics of other days, and let the ashes of Weber repose in peace !

That the passages now first printed are genuine, there can be no doubt : by whom they were originally omitted,—whether by the players or the editors,—it is in vain to inquire. If by a strange and happy chance we were to discover Shakespeare's own manuscript copies of some of his finest pieces, we should perhaps find that similar “ sins of omission ” were to be charged on the persons who first consigned those dramas to the press,—dramas, which, though now regarded as miracles of human genius, their author seems to have composed without an eye to the applauses of posterity ; and, after they had served his immediate purpose, to have let drop from him with indifference, as the tree gives its blossoms to the wind.

It is to be observed that the Manuscript attributes the play to Fletcher alone. .

Ralph Crane, the transcriber of the drama, was the author of a poem called *The Workes of Mercy, both corporal and spiritual*, 1621: as I have never seen it, I know not with what success he courted the Muses. He appears to have devoted much of his time to transcribing the poetical productions of others, with great delicacy and beauty, into small volumes, which, we may imagine, he presented to those who were most likely to reward his calligraphic labours*.

A. DYCE.

* In the British Museum, among the Harleian MSS. (No. 3357.), I have met with one of Ralph Crane's transcripts,—a small duodecimo volume, bound in gilded vellum. It is entitled:

“ A

Handfull of Celestiall

Flowers viz^t.

1. Diuers selected Psalmes of David
(in Verse) differently translated from
those Vsed in the Church.
2. Diuers Meditations Vpon our
Sauours Passion.
3. Certaine Hymnes or Carrolls, for
Christmas daȳ.
4. A diuine Pastorall Eglogue.
5. Meditations Vpon the 1. & 13th verses
of y^e 17th Chap. of Job.

Composed by diuers worthie } Manuscrib'd
and learned Gentlemen } by R. Cr:”

It has the following dedication :

“ To
the rightly-worthie of Titles of Worship
S^r Francis Ashley, Knight,
One of his Ma^{ties}. Serjeants at Law, &c.

Sir,

Though yo^r Profession be the Law-Temporall, your Contemplation is the Law-Theologicall: and to such yo^r Consecrated howres comes this well-meant Dedication: Wherein, though I call Nothing Myne-owne but only the Manuscription: yet having obseru'd that Cookes haue sometimes byn well and thanckfully esteemd meerey for Ordering and Setting forth of other mens Dishes, I am y^e rather encouraged to hope the like Successes to y^e^{er} Rarieties. I call them Rarieties, aswell in regard of their Vertuous-Method, as of their In-Com^unitie, (there not being three such any where extant, and not One (unles surreptitiously gotten) but of my Pen)

My humble desire is, that they may supply the Customarie Dutie of the ensuing New-yeere (they bringing with them the zealous Wishes of many happy Ones to You and Yours.) I should also (even in Articulo Mortis) much reioyce, If You shall vouchsafe to call Them (for Age, Affliction, Grief and Want tell Me it will be so) the Vitium Vale of Him that hono^rs your Name, Leaves Theis (like Josuah's Stones, pitch'd in Gilgall) as Memorials, that He was once to your Deceased Brother an Vnfortunate Seruant, Still to your Worthysel

Decemb. 1632

A most intirelye-affected

Beadesman

Raph Crane.”

The writers made to contribute to this collection, are

Fr. Dausion, Jos. Brian, Rich. Gipps, Christophir Dausion,
T. Carey, W. A. Esq., and T. Randolph, gent.

DEMETRIUS

AND

ENANTHE REFERENCE

A PLEASANT COMEDIE

WRITTEN BY

JOHN FLETCHER, GENT

TO THE HONORABLE
SIR KELHAM DIGBIE, KNIGHT.

WORTHIE SIR,

I KNOW that to a Man of your religious Inclination, a deuine Argument would haue byn much more wellcom ; And such a one (good Sir,) haue I vpon the Anvile for you, but it requires some-what a more Consolatorie time to fashion it : Being therefore by the Wise-mans rule (That saies there is a time for all thinges) encouraged, I hope it will not be much in-oportune, after a Season so sad, to present you with a Matter Recreative, Well knowing, that you that know well how to bestow all your howers, will (in your release from higher Studies) not think a litle peece of time lost in casting vpon this Comedie your Smile, and vpon him, that in all dutie submits it to your generous Acceptaunce, your noble fauour, as vpon one that shall still reioyce to be esteemed

Your Commaunded Beades-man,

RALPH CRANE.

Nouemb. 27.
1625.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Sce^a. pri^a. Enter 2 Gent. Vshers, and Seruants, wth perfumes, &c.

1. GENT. V. Round, round, perfume it round : look
you dilligently
the State be right. Are theis the richest Cushions ?
fy, fy ! who waites i' th' ward-robe ?

2. GENT. V. but, pray ye, tell me,
doe you think for certaine theis Embassadors
shall haue this Mornings Audience ?

1. They shall haue it !
that you should liue at Court, and vnderstand not !
I tell you they must haue it.

2. vpon what necessitie ?

1. Still you are off the trick of Court : Sell your Place,
and soaw your Grounds ; you are not for this Tillage.
(*make all things perfect :*) *would you haue theis Ladies,*

Enter 2 or 3 Ladies.

*they that come here to see the Show, theis Beuties,
that haue byn labouring to set off their Sweetnes,
and washed and curld, perfum'd, and taken Glisters,
for fear' a flaw of wind might over-take 'em,
loose theis, and all theire expectations ?*

Maddams, the best way, is the vpper Lodgings ;
there you may see at ease.

LADIES. We thanck ye, Sir. [Exeunt.

1. would you haue all theis slighted ? who should re-
port then

the Embassadors were hansom men? his Beard a neat one?
 the fire of his eie quicker than Lightning?
 (and where it breakes, as blasting)? his Leggs, though
 litle ones,
 yet Movers of a masse of vnderstanding?
 Who shall survey their clothes? who shall take notice
 of the most wise behauiour of their feathers?
 you live a rawe-man here.

2. I thinck I doe so.

Enter diuers Cittizens, and their wives.

1. why, wheather would ye all presse?

CITT. good Master Vsher,
 my wiffe, and some few of my honest Neighbours here—

1. pree-thee begon, thou and thy honest Neighbours:
 thou lookst like an Asse: why, whether would you, fish-
 face?

CITT. if I might haue but the honor to see you at my
 poore house, (Sir,)
 a Capon bridled and sadled I'll assure your worship,
 a sholder of Mutton, and a potle of wine, (Sir,)
 some Music I'll assure ye too; My Toy, (Sir,)
 can play o'th' Virginalls.

1. pree-thee, (good Toy.)
 take away thy shoulder of Mutton, he is fly-blowne.
 nay then you had best be knockd. [Ex^t Cittiz^s.

Enter Celia (in poore attire)

CEL. I would fayne see him.
 The glory of this place makes me remember—
 but die those thoughtes, die all, but my desires;
 (even those to death are lost too). he's not here,
 Nor how mine eyes may guid me—

1. GENT. what's your Busynes?
 who keeps the outward dores there? here's fine shuffling:
 you, (Wast coat teere,) you must goe back.

CEL. there ~~is~~ not,
 there cannot bee,—six daies, and never see me!—
 there must not be desire. Sir, doe you think
 that if you had a Mistris—

1. (she ~~is~~ mad.)

CEL. and were your self an honest man.—It cannot—

1. what hast thou to doe with me, or with mine honestie?

CEL. *I crave your mercý; I meant no such thing to ye;
 but if ye were a Gentleman.*

2. *alas, (poore woman!)*
pray doe not thrust her soe.

CEL. *nay, even continue,
 and doe not let your Office fall, (Sir,) I beseech ye,
 for want of Indiscretion and ill Manners:
 you would haue made a notable sturdy Beadle.*

1. *She must goe out.*

CEL. *I am out already, (Sir,)
 out of my witts, you say: pray heaven it prove not,
 if this fell fit afflict me.*

1. will ye be jogging,
 good Nimble Tongue? My fellow doore-keeper.

2. pree-thee let her alone.

1. The King is coming,
 and shall we haue an Agent for the Suburbs
 come to crave Audience too?

CEL. before I thought ye
 to haue a litle Breeding, some tang of Gentleman,
*and did forgiue that hereditary folly
 belongs to your Place;* but now I take ye plainly,
 (without the help of any Perspective,)
 for that you cannot alter.

1. what's that ?

CEL. an Asse, (Sir), you bray as like,
and (by my troth) me-thinks, (as ye stand now,
considering who to kick next,) you appeare to me
rust with that kind of gravitie, and wisdome.
your Place may beare the name of Gentleman,
but if ever any of that butter stick to your Bread—

2. you must be modester.

CEL. let him use me 'nobeler,
and weare good clothes to doe good Offices :
they hang vpon a fellow of his vertue
as though they hung on Gibbetts.

2. a par'lous wench.

1. thrust her into a Corner ; I'll no more on her.

2. ye haue enough. Goe, (pretty Maid,) stand close,
and use that litle Tongue with a litle more temper.

CEL. I thank ye, (Sir).

2. when the showes are past ye,
I'll have ye into th' Cellar ; there we'll dine.
(a very pretty Wench, a witty Rogue !)
And there wee'll be as merry ! can ye be merry ?

CEL. O, verie merry, (Sir).

2. onely ourselues ;
this churlish fellow shall not know.

CEL. by no meanes.

2. and can ye love a litle ?

CEL. love exceedingly :
I haue cause to love you deare (Sir).

2. then I'll carry ye,
and show ye all the Pictures, and the Hangings,
the Lodgings, Gardens, and the walks ; And then,
(Sweet,)

you shall tell me where you lye.

CEL. yes mary will I.

2. and't shall goe hard, but I'll send ye a ven'son-pastie,
And bring a Botle of wine along.

Enter King Antigonus, and his Traine.

1. make roome there,
roome there afore.

2. stand close, the Traine is coming.

CEL. haue I yet left a Beutie to catch fooles ?
yet, yet I see him not : ô what a miserie
is Love, expected long, deluded longer !

ANT. Conduct in the Embassadors.

VSH. make roome there.

ANT. they shall not wayt long answere.

Enter y^e Embassadors, from Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Ptolomey.

CEL. yet he comes not :
why are eies sett on theis ? and Multitudes
follow to make Theis, wonders ? O good Gods,
what would Theis looke like, if my Loue were heere !
but I am fond, forgetfull.

ANT. Now, your greivances ?

1. EMB. Then thus, (Sir,)
In all our roiall Masters' names, we tell ye
ye haue don Iniustice, broke the Bonds of Concord,
and from their equall shares, (from Alexander
parted, and so possessd), ye haue hedg'd in,
(not like a Brother, but an open Enemie,)
whole Provinces ; Man'd and maintaind theis iniuries ;
and daylie with your Sword, (though they still honor ye,)
make bloody Roades, Take Townes, and ruyne Castles,
and still their sufferaunce feeles the waight.

2. EMB. *We therefore,
as yet the Ministers of peace, of friendship,*

*as yet our Masters' Swords and Angers sleeping,
all former Iniuries forgot and buried,
as yet to stop that swelling tide of Blood,
(O mightie Sir,) that when it comes, like Tempests
broke from the raging North, beates all before 'em,
We yet crave restitution of those Lands,
those Citties sackd, those Prisoners and that Prey
the Soldiers, by your will, stands Master of.*

Think of that love, (Great Sir,) that honor'd friendship
you late held with our Masters ; Think of that Strength
when you were all one Body, all one Minde ;
when all your Swords strooke one way ; when your Angers,
(like so many Brother-Billowes,) rose togeather,
and, curling-up your foaming Crests, defide
even mightie kings, and in their falls entoombd 'em.
O think of theis ! and you, that haue byn Conquerors,
that ever lead your fortunes open eide,
chayn'd fast by confidence ; you that Fame courted ;
now ye want Enemies and men to match ye,
let not your owne Swords seeke your ends, to shame ye.

3. EMB. choose which you will, or Peace or War
(though rather

*I could afford your Age so much discretion
to leave off brawling now) : The Wars are doubtfull,
and on Our Horsemen's Staves Death lookes as grimly
as on your keene-edgd Swords ; Our darts sure pointed
and from Our sinowye Bowes we can raise showres
of bloody Shaffts, shall hide the face of heaven,
and cast as deepe Ecclipzes ore the day,
and terrible as yours ; Our strengthes are equall ;
Our hopes as high and wanton ; Even our Men
the same in Labours and in Sufferance ;
hunger they dare contemne as well as yours,
and where they find no Meate, feede on their Angers ;*

march on the edge of danger ; Rest and Sleepe,
(the soules of soft and tender Bodies,) they
shake off as well as yours ; And when tyrde Nature
locks vp their Spiritts, yet, like Stormes farr off,
even in their Rest, they raise a warlike Murmurr.
 We come prepar'd for either.

Enter Prince Demetrius from hunting, attended wth yong
 Gentlemen.

GENT. Roome for the Prince there.

CEL. was it the Prince they said ? how my hart trembles !
 It's he indeed : what a sweet noble Feircenes
 dwells in his eies ! yong Meleager-like,
 when he returnd from slaughter of the Bore,
 crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
 with all the gallant youth of Greece, he lookes now.
 who could deny him love ?

DEM. haile, (roiall Father).

ANT. You are wellcom from your Sport, (Sir). Doe you
 see this Gentleman,
 (you that bring thunders in your mouthes, and Earth-
 quakes,
 to shake and totter my Designes) ? Can you imagine,
 (you men of poore and com'on apprehensions,)
 whilst I admitt this Man, my Son, this Nature
 that in one looke carries more fire, and feircenes,
 then all your Masters lives ; dare I admitt him,
 admitt him thus, even to my Side, my Bosome,
 when he is fitt to rule, when all men cry him,
 and all hopes hang about his head ; thus place him,
 his weapon hatchd in Blood ; all theis attending
 when he shall make their Fortunes, all as suddeine
 in any Expedition he shall point 'em,
 as Arrowes from a Tartars Bow, and speeding ;

dare I doe this, and feare an Enemie ?
 feare your great Master ? yours ? or yours ?

DEM. O Hercules !

who saies you doe, (Sir ?) Is there any thing
 in theis mens faces, or their Masters Actions,
 able to work such wonders ?

CEL. Now a god speakes !
 oh, I could dwell upon that Tongue for ever !

DEM. you call 'em Kings ; they never wore those
 Roialties,

nor in the progresse of their Lives arriv'd yet
 at any thought of King : Emperiall Dignities,
 and powrefull god-like Actions, fit for Princes,
 they can no more put on, and make 'em sitt right,
 then I can with this mortall hand hold heaven.
 poore petty Men ! nor haue I yet forgot
 the chiefest honours Time and Merit gave 'em :
 Lysimachus, (your Master,) at his best,
 his highest, and his hopefull'st dignities,
 was but Grand Master of the Elephants ;
 Seluchus of the Treasure , and for Ptolomey,
 a thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
 some Master of Munition , Or must theis men—

CEL. what a brave confidence flowes from his Spirit !
 oh sweet yong man !

DEM. Must they hold pace with us,
 and on the same file hang their memories ?
 must theis examine what the wills of Kings are ?
 prescribe to their desires, and chaine their Actions
 to their Restraints ? be Frendes, and Foes, when they please ?
 send out their Thunders, and their menaces,
 as if the fate of mortall Things were theires ?
 Goe home, (good men,) and tell your Masters from us,
 we doe 'em too much honor to force from 'em

their barren Cuntries, ruyne their vast Citties ;
 and tell 'em, out of love, we meane to leave 'em,
 (since they will needes be Kings,) no more to tread on,
 then they have able witts, and powers to manage ;
 and soe we shall be-frend 'em. (hah ! what do's she there ?)

EMB. this is your answeare, (King ?)

ANT. it's like to prove soe.

DEM. fy, (Sweet,) what make you here ?

CEL. pray ye doe not chide me.

DEM. you doe your selfe much wronge and me.

CEL. pray ye pardon me,

I feele my fault, which onely was comitted
 through my deere love to you · I haue not seene ye,—
 (and how can I live then ?)—I haue not spoke to ye—

DEM. I know this weeke ye haue not : I will redeeme
 all

you are so tender now ! think where you are, (Sweete).

CEL. what other light haue I left ?

DEM. Pre-thee, Celia ;
 indeed I'll see ye presently.

CEL. I haue don, (Sir ·)
 you will not misse ?

DEM. by this, and this, I will not.

CEL. 'tis in your will, and I must be obedient.

DEM. No more of theis Assemblies.

CEL. I am commaunded.

VSH. Roome for the Lady, there !

GENT. My Coach and't please you, (Lady),—

VSH. Roome before there !

GENT. The honour, (Madam,) but to wayt upon ye,—
 my Servants and my state.

CEL. Lord, how they flocke now !
 before I was afraid they would have beat me.
 how theis Flyes play i'th sun-shine ! pray ye no services ;

or if ye needes must play the hobby-horses,
 seeke out some Beutie that affects 'em : fare ye well :
 nay, pray ye spare, (Gentlemen ;) I am old enough
 to goe alone at theis yeares, without crutches. [Exit.

2. VSH. well, I could curse now : but that will not
 help me.

I made as sure account of this wench now, immediatly :
 doe but consider how the Devill has crosd me !

Meat for my Master, she cries : well—

EMB. Once more, (Sir,)

we aske your resolutions ; Peace or Warr ?

DEM. Warr, warr, (my noble father).

EMB. thus I fling it ;
 and faire-eyd Peace, farewell !

ANT. you haue your answeares.

Conduct out the Embassadors, and give 'em Convoyes.

DEM. tell your high-harted Masters, they shall not
 seeke us,

nor coole i'th' field, in expectation of us ;
 wee'll ease your men those Marches : In their Strengthes,
 and full abilities of Mind and Courage,
 Wee'll find 'em out, and at their best Trim buckle with 'em.

1. EMB. You'll find so hott a Souldiers wellcom, (Sir,)
 Your favour shall not freize.

2. EMB. a forward gentleman :
 pittie the Warrs should bruize such hopes.

ANT. conduct 'em. [Ex^t Embassadors.
 now, for this Preparation : where's Leontius ?
 call him in presently ; for I meane in Person,
 myselfe with my old fortune—

DEM. Roiall Sir,
 thus lowe I beg that honor : Fame alreadye
 hath every where raisd Trophies to your Glorie,
 and Conquest now growne weake and old with following

the weary Marches, and the bloody shockes
 you daylie set her in : 'tis now scarce honor
 for you that never knéw to fight but conquer,
 to sparcle such poore people. The roiall Eagle,
 when she hath tryde her yong ones 'gainst the Sun,
 and found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey ;
 how to comãund on wing, and check below her
 even Birds of noble plume : I am your owne, (Sir ;)
 you haue found my Spirit ; try it now, and teach me
 to stoope whole Kingdomes : Leave a litle for me ;
 Let not your Glory be so greedy, (Sir,)
 to eate vp all my hopes. you gaue me life ;
 if to that life you add not what's more lasting,
 a noble name, for Man, you haue made a Shadowe.
 O blesse me this day ! bid me goe on, and lead ;
 bid me goe on, no lesse feard then Antigonus ;
 and to my Maiden Sword tye fast your Fortune ;
 I know 'twill fight itselfe then. deare Sir, honor me :
 never faire Virgin longd soe.

ANT. Rise, and Comãund then,
 and be as fortunate as I expect ye :
 I love that noble Will. your yong Companions,
 (bredd vp and fosterd with ye,) I hope, (Demetrius,)
 you will make Soldiers too ; they must not leave yee.

GENT. never till life leave vs, Sir.

Enter Leontius.

ANT. O Leontius,
 heere's worke for you in hand.

LEO. I am ev'n right glad, (Sir,)
 for (by my troth) I am growne old with idlenes :
 I heare we shall abroad, Sir.

ANT. yes, and presently :
 but who (think you) comãunds now ?

LEO. who commaunds, Sir?
 methinks mine eye should guide me. Can there be,
 (if you your selfe will spare him so much honor,)
 any found out to lead before your Armies,
 so full of faith and fire, as brave Demetrius ?
 King Philipps Son (at his yeares) was an old Soldier.
 'tis time his Fortune be a-wing, high time, Sir ;
 so many idle howres, as here he loyters,
 so many ever-living names he looses :
 I hope 'tis he.

ANT. 'tis he indeed, and nobely
 he shall set forward : draw you all those Garisons
 vpon the Frontires as ye passe ; to those
 ioyne theis in pay, at home, (our Auncient Soldiers,)
 and, as you goe, Presse all the Prouinces.

LEO. We shall not need ; beleeeue't, this hopefull Gen
 tleman
 can want noe Swords, nor honest harts to follow him .
 we shall be full, noe feare, (Sir.)

ANT. you, (Leontius,)
 because you are an old and faithfull Servant,
 and know the Warrs, with all his vantages,
 be neere to his Instructions ; least his youth
 loose Vallours best Companion, (staid Discretion).
 show where to Lead, to lodge, to Charge, with safetie ,
 in Execution not to breake nor scatter,
 but with a provident Anger, Follow nobely ;
 not covetous of Blood and death, but honor.
 Be ever neere his Watches, cheere his Labors,
 and where his hope stands faire, provoke his Vallor.
 Love him, and think it no dishonor, (my Demetrius,)
 to weare this Jewell neere thee ; He is a tryde one,
 and One, (that even in spight of Time, that sunck him,
 and frosted up his Strength,) will yet stand by thee,

and with the prowdest of thine Enemies
exchange for Blood, and bravely ' Take his counsell.

LEO. your Grace hath made me yong againe, and
wanton.

ANT. *did not you mark a Woman, my Sonne risse to?*

GENT. *I saw her, Sir.*

ANT. doe you know her?

GENT. noe, beleeue't, Sir.

ANT. did you observe her, Timon?

TIM. I lookd on her,
but what she is—

ANT. I must have that found.

TIM. well, Sir.

ANT. When you haue done, come in and take your
leave, Sir;

some fewe praiers along. [Exit.

DEM. I know my dutie.

You shalbe halfe my Father.

LEO. all your Servant.

Come, Gentlemen, you are resolu'd, I am sure
to see theis Warrs.

GENT. we dare not leave his Fortunes,
though most assured death hoong round about us.

LEO. that bargaine's yet to make.

Be not too hastie, when ye face the Enemye,
nor too ambitious to get honor instantly;
but charge within your bounds, and keepe close Bodies,
and you shall see what sport wee'll make theis Mad-
caps.

Every mans Cock shall fight.

DEM. I must goe see her.

brave Sir, as soone as I haue taken leave,
I'll meet you in the Parck · draw the' Men thether.
wayt you vpon Leontius.

LEO. Wee'll attend, (Sir) *.

but I beseech your Grace, with speed ; the sooner
We are i' th' Field——

DEM. you could not please me better. [Exit.

LEO. You never saw the Warrs yet ?

GENT. Not yet, (Coronall.)

LEO. theis foolish Mistresses doe so hang about ye,
so whimper, and so hug, I know it, (Gentlemen,)
and so entice ye, now ye are i' th' budd !
and that sweet tilting warr, with eies and kisses,
(the Allarums of soft vowes, and sighes, and fiddle-fadles,)
spoilles all our Trade ! You must forget theis knick knacks .
A Woman at some time of yeare, I graunt ye,
she is necessary ; but make no busynes of her.

Enter y^e Leiuetenant.

how now, Leiuetenant ?

LEIU. O Sir, as ill as ever.

We shall haue Warrs, they say ; they are mustring yonder :
would we were at it once ! fy, how it plagues me !

LEO. here's one hath seru'd now vnder Captaine Cupid,
And trayld a Pike in's youth : you see whats come on't.

LEIU. noe, my disease will never prove so honorable.

LEO. why sure, thou hast the best Pox ?

LEIU. if I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best Companie ;
they are Pox of thirtie coates.

LEO. thou hast mewd 'em finely.
here's a strange fellow now, and a brave Fellow,
(if we may say soe of a pockey fellow,
which I beleue we may,) This poore Leiuetenant,

* *Wee'll attend, (Sir)*] Here our MS is in an error : these words ought to be given, as in both folios, to a Gent. Leontius begins to speak at "But I beseech," &c.

(whether he haue the Scratches, or the Scabs,
 or what a devill it be), I'll say thus for him,
 there fightes no braver Soldier vnder Sun, (gentlemen.)
 Show him an Enemie, his paine's forgot streight;
 and where other men, by Beds and Bathes haue ease,
 and easie rules of phisick, sett him in a danger,
 a danger thats a fearefull one indeed,
 ye rock him, and he will so play about ye!
 let it be ten to one, he nere comes off againe,
 ye haue his hart, and then he workes it bravely,
 and throughly bravely: not a pangue remembred.
 I haue seen him doc such things, beleefe would shrink at.

GENT. 'tis strange he should be all this, and diseased
 soc.

LEO. I am sure 'tis true. Leiuetenant, canst thou
 drink well?

LEIU. would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not
 feele this.

GENT. I would take phisick.

LEIU. but I would know my disease first.

LEO. why, it may be the Collique: canst thou blow
 backward?

LEIU. there's neuer a Bag-pipe in the Kingdome
 better.

GENT. is't not a pluresey?

LEIU. 'tis any thing
 that hath the devill, and death in't. Will ye March,
 (gentlemen?)

the Prince hath taken leave.

LEO. how know you that?

LEIU. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his Fol-
 lowers,
 and mett him after in a by-Street: I think
 he has some wench, or such a Toy, to lick over

before he goe : would I had such another
to drawe this foolish paine downe.

LEO. Let's away, (Gentlemen,)
for sure the Prince will stay vs.

GENT. Wee'll attend, (Sir.)

[Exeunt.

Sce^a. 2^a. Enter Demetrius, and Celia.

CEL. Must ye needes goe ?

DEM. or stay with all dishonor.

CEL. are there not Men enough to fight ?

DEM. fye, Celia,

this ill becomes the noble Love you beare me ,
would you haue your Love a Coward ?

CEL. Noe, beleeeve, Sir,

I would haue him fight, but not soe far of from me

DEM. would'st haue it thus ? or thus ?

CEL. if that be fighting——

DEM. ye wanton Foole : when I come home againe,
I'll fight with thee, at thine owne weapon, (Celia,)
and conquer thee too.

CEL. that you haue don already ;
You need no other Armes to me, but theis, (Sir)
But will you fight your self ?

DEM. thus deepe in blood, (wench,)
and through the thickest rancks of Pikes——

CEL. spurr bravely
your fiery Course, Beat the Troopes before yee,
and cramb the mouth of Death with Executions.

DEM. I would doe more then theis : But pree-thee,
tell me,
tell me, (my faire,) where gotst thou this male Spirit ?
I wonder at thy minde.

CEL. were I a Man, then
you would wonder more.

DEM. sure thou wouldst prove a Soldier,
and some great Leader.

CEL. sure I should doe somewhat ;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extreemely envious of your youth, and honor.

DEM. and fight against me ?

CEL. ten to one, I should doe it.

DEM. thou wouldst not hurt me ?

CEL. in this mind I am in,
I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye,
unles 'twere thus ; but in my Mans mind——

DEM. What ?

CEL. I should be frends with you too, now I think
better.

DEM. Y'ar a tall Soldier : here, take theis, and
theis ;
this Gold to furnish yce, and keepe this Bracelet :
why doe you weepe now ? you a masculine Spirit !

CEL. noe, I confes I am a Foole, a Woman ;
and ever when I part with you——

DEM. you shall not.
Theis Teares are like prodigious Signes, (my Sweet one,)
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honor thee.

CEL. I hope you shall : But then, (my deere De-
metrius,)
when you stand Conqueror, and at your mercy
all people bowe, and all things wayt your Sentence ,
say then your Eie, surveying all your Conquest,
findes out a Beutie, even in Sorrow excellent,
a constant face, that in the midst of Ruine
with a forced smile, both scornes at Fate, and Fortune ;
say you find such a one, so nobely fortified,
and m'her Figure, all the Sweetes of Nature——

DEM. preethec, no more of this ; I cannot find her.

CEL. that showes as far beyond my witherd Beutie,
and will run mad, to love yee too—

DEM. doe you feare me ?
and doe you thinke, besides this Face, this Beutie,
this hart, where all my hopes are lock'd——

CEL. I dare not ;
no sure, I think ye honest, wondrous honest.
pray doe not frowne ; I'll sweare ye are.

DEM. yee maie choose.

CEL. but how long will ye be away ?

DEM. I know not.

CEL. I know you are angrie now : pray looke upon me :
I'll aske no more such questions. [Droms beate.

DEM. the Droms beate ;
I can no longer stay.

CEL. they doe but call yet :
how fayne you would leave my Company !

DEM. I would not,
unles a greater Power then Loue comaunded ;
comaunds my life, mine honor.

CEL. but a little.

DEM. preethee farewell, and be not doubtfull of me.

CEL. I would not haue ye hurt : and you are soe
ventrous—

But, (good, Sweet, Prince,) preserve yourselfe ; fight
nobely,

but doe not thrust this Bodie,—'tis not your's now,
'tis mine, 'tis onely mine,—doe not seeke wounds, (Sir,)
for every drop of blood you bleed——

DEM. I will, (Celia,)
I will be carefull. [Droms agen.

CEL. my hart, that loves ye deerely—

DEM. preethee no more, wee must part ; haik, they
Maich now !

CEL. fy on theis bawling Droms ! I am sure you'll
 kisse me ;
 but one kisse ? what a parting's this !

DEM. here, take me,
 and doe what thou wilt with me, smoother me ;
 but still remember, if your fooling with me,
 make me forget the trust——

CEL. I haue done : Farewell, (Sir) ;
 never looke back ; you shall not stay, not a minutt.

DEM. I must haue one Farewell more.

CEL. noe, the Droms beate ;
 I dare not slack your Honor ; not a hand more,
 onely this Looke : The Gods preserve and save ye !
 [Excunt seuerally.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scē. pri. Enter Antigonus, Carinthus, and Timon.

ANT. What, haue ye found her out ?

CAR. we haue herkend after her.

ANT. what's that to my desire ?

CAR. Your Grace must give us
 Time, and a litle meanes.

TIM. She is sure a Stranger,
 if she were bredd or knowne here——

ANT. your dull endeauours
 should never be imploid : *how are you certaine
 she is a stranger ?*

TIM. *being so yong and handsome,
 and not made privy to your Graces pleasures ;
 for I presume vnder your gracious favor
 you haue not yet, (Sir,)—*

ANT. *what, (Sir)?*

TIM. *as they say, (Sir),
made any salley on her, or delighted
your roiall body—*

ANT. *you prate like a coxcombe.*

TIM. *sure I thinck I doe, (Sir): But (howsoever)
I speake within my compasse; in theis matters,
that concerne partie and partie, and no farther,
that reach but to the meere instruction
and garnishing of youth—*

ANT. *you'll hold your prating?*

TIM. *I know not: for theis twentie yeeres, I am sure on't,
(I thinck theis five and twenty,) I haue seru'd ye,
and seru'd ye with as good and gracious pleasure,
like a true subiect, ever cautulous
that nothing you receu'd from me, to sport ye,
but should endure all tests and all translations:
I thinck I haue don soe; and I thinck I haue filled ye;
and if a coxcomb can doe theis things handsomer.——*

Enter Minippus.

ANT. Wellcom, Minippus.

MIN. I haue found her, (Sir);
(I meane the place she is lodgd in): her name is Celia,
and much a doe I had to purchase that to.

ANT. do'st think Demetrius loves her?

MIN. Much I feare it,
but nothing that way yet can wyn for certaine.
I'll tell your Grace within this howre.

ANT. A stranger?

MIN. without all doubt.

ANT. but how should he come to her?

MIN. there lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.

ANT. has't thou byn with thy wiffe?

MIN. no, Sir ; I am going to her.

ANT. goe and dispatch, and meet me in the Garden,
and get all out ye can. [Exit.

MIN. I'll doe my best, (Sir.) [Exit.

TIM. blesd be thy wiffe, thou wert an arrant asse els.

CAR. I, she is a stirring woman indeed : there's a
braine, (Brother !)

TIM. there's not a handsom Wench of any Metle
within an hundred miles, but her Intelligence
reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
as confident to Court, as to a Sanctuary :
What had his mowldy braines ever ariv'd at,
had not she beaten it out o'th'Flint to fasten him ?

CAR. they say she keepes an Office of Concealements.

TIM. there's no young Wench, let her be a Sainct,
(unles she live i'th'Center) but she findes her,
and every waie prepares addresses to her :
if my wiffe would haue followed her course, (Carinthus),
(her lucky course,) I had the day before him,—
O what might I haue byn by this time, (Brother) !
But she (forsooth) when I put theis things to her,
(theis thinges of honest Thrift,) groanes, ô my conscience,
the load vpon my conscience ! When to make us Cuckolds,
they haue no more burthen then a brood-Goose, (Brother.)
But let's doe what we can, though this wench faile us,
an other of a new way wilbe look'd at.
Come, let's abroad, and beate our brains ; Time may
(for all his wisdom,) yet give us a day. [Exeunt.

Sce^a 2^a. Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

DEM. I will not see 'em fall thus : give me way, (Sir,)
I shall forget you love me els.

LEO. will ye loose all ?

Fo' me, to be forgotten, to be hated,

nay, never to have byn a Man, is nothing ;
soe you, and those we haue preserv'd from slaughter
come saffely off.

DEM. I haue lost my selfe.

LEO. you are cozend.

DEM. and am most miserable.

LEO. there's no man soe, but he that makes himself
soe.

DEM. I will goe on.

LEO. you must not: I shall tell ye then,
(and tell ye true,) that Man's unfit to governe,
that cannot guid himselfe: you lead an Army,
that haue not so much manly suff'rance left ye,
To beare a losse !

DEM. Charge but once more, (Leontius) :
my Friends and my Companions are engag'd all.

LEO. nay, give 'em lost ; I sawe 'em off their horses,
and the Enemie master of their Armes ; Nor could then,
the pollicie, nor strength of man redeeme 'em.

DEM. and shall I live to know this, and stand fooling ?

LEO. by my dead Fathers soule, ye stir not, (Sir ;)
or if you doe, you make your way through me first.

DEM. thou art a coward.

LEO. to prevent a madman.

none but your Fathers Son durst call me soe,
(sure if he did—) Must I be scandall'd by ye,
that hedgd in all the helps I had to save ye ?
that, where there was a valiant Weapon stirring,
both searchd it out, and singled it, unedgd it,
for feare it should bight you ? Am I a Coward ?
Goe, get ye up, and tell 'em you are the Kings Son ;
hang out your Ladies Fauours on your Crest,
and let them fight their shares ; Spur to destruction,
(you cannot misse the way) , be bravely desperate,

as your young Friends before ye, that lost this Battell,
 (your honorable Friends that know no Order ;)
 cry out Antigonus, the old Antigonus,
 the Great, the valiant, and the feard Antigonus,
 the wise, and fortunate Antigonus
 hath sent a desperate Son, without discretion
 to bury in an howre his age of honor !

DEM. I am asham'd.

LEO. 'tis ten to one, I die with ye :
 the Coward will not long be after ye.
 I scorne to say I see ye fall, sigh for ye,
 and tell a whyning Tale, some ten yeares after,
 to Boies and Girles in an old chymney corner,
 of what a Prince we had, how bravely spirited ;
 how yong and faire he fell. We'll all goe with ye,
 and ye shall see us all, like Sacrifices,
 (in our best trym,) fill up the mouth of ruyne.
 will this faith satisfie your folly ? can this show ye,
 'tis not to die we feare, but to die poorely,
 to Fall forgotten, in a multitude ?
 yf you will needes tempt Fortune, now she has held ye,
 held ye from sinking up——

DEM. Pray ye doe not kill me :
 theis words peirce deeper then the wounds I suffer,
 the smarting wounds of losse.

LEO. ye are too tender :
 Fortune has howres of losse, and howres of honoi,
 and the most valient feele them both : take comfort ;
 the next is ours ; I have a soule designes it.
 The angry Bull never goes back for breath,

Enter Leiuetenant.

but when he meane to arme his fury doble.

Let this day sett, but not the memorie,
and we shall find a time. How now, Leiuetenant ?

LEIU. I know not ; we are mawld ; we are bravely
beaten,
all our yong gallants lost.

LEO. thou art hurt ?

LEIU. I am peperd ;
I was i'th'midst of all, and bangd of all hands .
they made an Anvill of my head ; it rings yet ;
never so thrash'd. doc you call this Fame ? I haue
fam'd it ;

I have got imortall Fame, but I'll no more on't ;
I'll no such scratching Sainct to serve hereafter.
on my conscience, I was killd above twenty times ;
and yet I know not what a devill's m't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd againe still. I am hurt plaguely ,
but now I haue nothing neere so much paine, (Coronell) ;
they haue slyced me for that Malady.

DEM. all the yong men lost !

LEIU. I am glad you are here ; but they are all i'th'
pound, (Sir),
they'll never ride over other mens corne againe, I take
it.

such frisking, and such flaunting with their Feathers,
and such careering with their Mistresse fauours !
and here must he be pricking out for honor,
and there got he a knock, and downe goes pill-garlick,
comends his soule to his She-Sainct, and exit.
another spurrs in there, cries, make roome, villaines,
I am a Lord ; scarce spoken, but, with reverence,
a Rascall takes him ore the face, and fells him ;
there lyes the Lord, the Lord be with him.

LEO. Now, (Sir,) doc you find this truth ?

DEM. I would not.

LEIU. they haue such tender Bodies too, such Cul-
lysses,
that one good hansom blowe breakes 'em in pieces.

LEO. how stands the Enemy ?

LEIU. even coole enough too :
for to say truth, he hath byn shrewdly heated,
the Gentleman no doubt will fall to his Julippes

DEM. he marches not i'th'taile on's.

LEIU. noe, noe, hang him !
hee'll kisse our Tailes as soone. he lookes upon us,
as if he would say, yf ye will turne againe, (Friends,)
we will belabour ye a litle better,
and beat a litle more care into your Coxcombs.
Now shall we haue dampnable Ballads out against us,
most wicked Madrigalls · and ten to one, (Corronell,)
soong to such lowzie, lamentable tunes—

LEO. thou art merrie,
how ere the game goes. Good sir, be not troubled :
a better day will draw this backe againe.
pray goe, and cheere those left, and lead 'em off ;
they are hott, and weary.

DEM. I'll doe any thing. [Exit.

LEO. Leiuetenant, send one presently away
to th' King, and let him know our state : and hearke ye,
be sure the Messenger advise his Maestie
to comfort up the Prince . he's full of sadnes.

LEIU. When shall I get a Surgeon ? this hot Weather,
(unles I be well pepperd,) I shall stinke, (Corronell.)

LEO. goe, I'll prepare thee one.

LEIU. if ye catch me then
fighting againe, I'll eate hay with a horse. [Exeunt.

Sec^a 3^a. Enter Leucippe, and her Maides, writing.

LEU. haue ye written to Mariane ?

1. MAID. yes, Madam.

LEU. and let her understand the hopes she has
if she come speedily?

1. MAID. all theis are specified.

LEU. and of the chaine is sent her,
and the rich Stuff to make her show more handsome here?

1. MAID. all this is don, Madam.

LEU. what haue you dispatchd there?

2. MAID. a letter to the Cunttrie Maid, and't please yc.

LEU. a pretty Girle, but peevish, very peevish :
haue ye bought the embroyderd Gloves, and the pursse
for her,
and the new curle?

2. MAID. they are ready packd up, (Madam.)

LEU. her Maidenhead will yeild me,—let me see now,
[she turnes over a Booke.

She is not Fifteene, they say : for her complexion—
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe ; here I haue her,—
Cloe, the daughter of a Cunttrie gentleman ;
her age upon fifteene—Now her Complection,—
a louely browne—there 'tis—Eies black and rolling ;
the Bodie neattly built ; She strikes a Lute well,
sings most enticeinglie : Theis helps considered,
her Maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
or three hundred and fifty crownes ; 'twil beare it hand-
somely.

her Father's poore ; some litle share deducted,
to buy him a hunting Nag ; I, 'twill be pretty.
who takes care of the Marchants wife?

1. MAID. I haue wrought her.

LEU. you know for whom she is?

1. MAID. very well, (Madam) ;
though very much adoee I had to make hei
apprehend that happines.

LEU. those kind are subtle.

did she not cry and blubber when ye urgd her.

1. MAID. ô most extremely, and swore she would rather perish.

LEU. good signes, very good signes, Sumptoms of easy Nature.

had she the Plate ?

1. MAID. She lookd upont, and left it ;
and turnd againe, and viewd it.

LEU. very well still.

1. MAID. at length she was content to let it lye there,
till I call'd for't, or so.

LEU. she will come ?

1. MAID. doe you take me
For such a Foole, I would part without that promise ?

LEU. the Chamber next to th' parck.

2. MAID. The Widow, (Madam,)
you bid me looke upon—

LEU. hang her, she is musty :
she is no mans meate ; beside, she is poore and sluttish.
Where lies old Thisbee now ? you are so long now !

2. MAID. Thisbee, Thisbee, Agent Thisbee, ô I haue
her ;
She lyes now in Nicopolis.

LEU. dispatch a Packet,
and tell her, her Superior here comãunds her,
the next moneth not to faile, but see deliuered
here to our use, some Twenty yong and handsom,
as also able, Maides, for the Court service,
as she will answeare it : We are out of Beutie,
utterly out, and rubb the time away here
with such blowne Stuff, I am ashamd to send it.
Who's that ? look out : follow your Busynes (Maid,)
there's nothing got by idlenes. There is a Lady,

which, if I can but buckle with,—Altea,—

[she turnes over y^e Booke.

A, A, A, A, Altea, yong and married,
and a great Louer of her husband,—well,—
not to be brought to Court : say ye so ? I am sorry ;
the Court shalbe brought to you then. how now, who
is't ?

MAID. an Auncient Woman, with a Maid attending,
a pretty Girle, but out of clothes ; for a litle money,
it seemes she would put her to your bringing up, (Madam.)

LEU. Let her come in. Would you aught with us,
(good woman ?)

I pray be short, we are full of buisynes.

WOMAN. I haue a tender Girle here, and't please you
honor.

LEU. very well.

WOMAN. that hath a great desire to serve your Woi-
ship.

LEU. it may be soe ; I am full of Maides.

WOMAN. she is yong, forsooth,
and, for her truth, and as they say, her Bearing—

LEU. ye say well. come heather maid ; let me fele
your pulsse ;

'tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger.

Let me see your legg ; she treads but low i'th' pasterns.

WOMAN. a corek-heele, (Madam.)

LEU. we know what will doe it,

Without your helpe : Good woman, what doe you pitch
her at ?

she's but a slight Toy, cannot hold out long.

WOMAN. even what you thinck is meete.

LEU. give her ten crownes : We are full of busines ;
she is a poore woman, let her take a cheese home.
enter the Wench i'th' Office.

MAID. What's your name, Sister?

GIRLE. Phebe, forsooth.

LEU. a pretty name ; 'twill doe well.

Goe in, and let the other Maid instruct ye, Phebe.

Let my old velvet Skirt be made fit for her

(I'll put her into action) for a Wastcoat :

and when I have riggd her up once, This small Pinasse
shall saile for gold, and good store too: Who's that there?

Lord, shall we never haue any ease in this world ?

still troubled ! still molested ! what would you haue ?

Enter Minippus.

I cannot furnish ye faster then I am able ;
if ye were my husband a thousand times, I cannot doe it.
at least a dozen Posts are gon this morning
for severall parts o' th' Kingdome ; I can do no more
but pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

MIN. Preethee, (good Sweet-hart,)

I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee ;
I know thou labour'st truely : harck in thine eare.

LEU. hah !

What doe you make soe daintie on't ? looke there,
I am an asse, I can doe nothing.

MIN. Celia ?

I, this is she ; a Stranger borne.

LEU. what would you give for more now ?

MIN. Preethee, (my best Leucippe ;) there's much
hangs on't.

lodgd at the end of Marses Street ; that's true too ;
at the sacke of such a Towne, by such a Soldier
preseru'd a Prisoner ; and by Prince Demetrius
bought from that man againe, maintaind, and favoured :
how came you by this knowledge ?

LEU. poore weake man !

I haue a thousand eies, (when thou wert sleeping,) abroad, and full of busynes.

MIN. you never tride her ?

LEU. noe, she is beyond my leuell ; so hedgd in by the Princes infinite love, and favour to her—

MIN. she is a handsom wench.

LEU. a delicate, and knowes it ;
and out of that prooffe-armes her selfe.

MIN. come in, then ;

I haue a great designe from the King to you,
and you must work like wax now.

LEU. on this Ladie ?

MIN. on this ; and all your witts call home.

LEU. I haue don

toyes in my time of some note : old as I am,
I thinck my braines will yet worke without Barme, (boy.)
Take up the Bookes.

MIN. as we goe in, I'll tell ye. [Exeunt.

Sce^a. 4^a. Enter Antigonus, and a Soldier, with Attendants.

ANT. No face of sorrow for this losse, 'twill choake him,
nor no man misse a friend, I know his nature
so deepe imprest with griefe, for what he has sufferd,
that the least adding to it, adds to his ruyne.
his losse is not so infinite, I hope, (Soldier ?)

SOL. faith, neither great, nor out of indiscretion.
the yong men out of heate—

Enter Demetrius, Leontius and y^e Leiutenant.

ANT. I ghesse the manner.

LORD. the Prince, and't like your Grace.

ANT. you are welcome home, (Sir.)

Come, no more sorrow, I haue heard your fortune,
and I myself haue tryde the like : cleare up, (man,)
I will not haue ye take it thus : if I doubted

your Feare had lost, and that you had turnd your baeks
to 'em,

basely besought their mercies—

LEO. No, no, by heaven, (Sir,)
we fought like honest and tall men.

ANT. I know't, Leontius : or if I thought
neglect of rule, having his councell with ye,
or too vaine glorious appetite of Fame,
your men forgot, and scatterd—

LEO. none of theis, (Sir)
he showd himself a noble Gentleman,
every way apt to rule.

ANT. theis being granted,
why should ye thinck ye haue don an act so heynous,
that naught but discontent dwells round about ye ?
I haue lost a Battell.

LEO. I, and fought it hard too.

ANT. with as much meanes as man—

LEO. or devill could urge it.

ANT. twenty to one of our side now.

LEO. turne Tables ;
beaten like doggs againe, like Owles ; You take it
to hart for flying but a mile before 'em,
and to say truth, 'twas no Flight, neither, (Sir,)
'twas but a walke, a handsom Walke. I haue tumbled
with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
and stuck with Arrowes, like an arming Quiver,
bloodied and bangd, almost a day before 'em,
and glad I haue got off then. Heere's a mad Shaver ;
he fightes his share, I am sure, when ere he comes to it ;
yet I haue seen him tripp it, tithely too,
and cry the devill take the hindmost ever.

LEIU. I learnd it of my betters.

LEO. boudge at this ?

ANT. has Fortune but one face ?

LEIU. in her best vizard,
methinks she looks but lowzily.

ANT. 'chaunce, though she faint now,
and sinck belowe our expectations,
is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her ?

DEM. 'tis not this day, I fled before the Enemie,
and lost my people, left mine Honor murderd,
(Which to a noble Soule is too too sencible)
afflicts me with this sadnes ; most of theis,
Time may turne straight agen, Experience perfect,
and new Swords cutt new waies to nobler Fortunes.
but I haue lost——

ANT. as you are mine, forget it :
I doe not thinck it losse.

DEM. O Sir, forgive me ;
I haue lost my Friends, those worthie Soules bredd with me,
I haue lost myselfe, (they were the peeces of me,)
I haue lost all Arts, (my Schooles are taken from me,)
Honor and Armes, no Emulation left me !
I liv'd to see theis men lost, look'd upon it ;
theis men, that twynd theire Loves to mine, their vertues ;
O shame of shames, I saw, and could not save 'em !
this carries Sulphur in't, this burnes and boiles me,
and, like a fatall Toombe, bestrides my memorie.

ANT. this was hard fortune ; But if alive, and taken,
they shalbe ransom'd, let it be at Millions.

DEM. they are dead, they are dead.

LEIU. when would he weepe for me thus ?
I may be dead, and powderd.

A joyfull showt. Enter Gentlemen.

LEO. good Prince, grieve not :
we are not certaine of their deathes : The enemie,

though he be hott, and keene, yet holds good quarter.
what noyse is this ?

LEIU. He doth not follow us ?
give me a steeple topp.

LEO. they live, they live, Sir.

ANT. hold up your manly face : they live, they are
here, (Son.)

DEM. Theis are the Men.

GENT. they are, and live to honour ye.

DEM. how scap'd ye, (Noble Friends ?) me thought I
saw ye

even in the iawes of death.

GENT. Thancks to our folly,
that spurd us on : we were indeed hedg'd round in't ;
and even beyond the hand of Succour, beaten,
unhorsd, disarmd : and what we lookd for then, (Sir,)
let such poore weary soules that heare the bell knoll,
and see the Grave a digging, tell.

DEM. For heaven-sake
delude mine eies no longer : how came ye off ?

GENT. against all expectation : the brave Seleucus,
I thinck this day enamour'd on your vertue,
when through the Troopes he saw you shoote like lightning,
and at your manly courage all take fire ;
and after that, the miserie we fell too,
the never-certaine Fate of War considring,
as we stood then before him, Fortunes ruynes,
nothing but death expecting, a short time
he made a stand upon our youthes and fortunes,
then with an eie of mercie informd his Judgement,
how yet unripe we were, unblowne, unhardend,
unfitted for such fatall ends ; he cride out to us,
Goe, Gentlemen, comẽd me to your Master,
to the most high and hopefull prince Demetrius ;

Tell him the vallor that he showd against me
 this day, the virgin valor, and true fire,
 deserves even from an Enemie this courtesie ;
 your Lives and Armes, freely I give 'em ; thanke him.

LEO. faith, 'twas well don ;

'twas bravely don : was't not a noble part, (Sir ?)

LEIU.. had I byn there, up had I gon, I am sure on't :
 theis noble Tricks, I never durst trust 'em yet.

LEO. let me not live, if 'twere not a famd honestie ;
 it takes me such a tickling way ! Now would I wish,
 (heaven,)

but ev'n the happines, ev'n that pure blessing,
 for all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
 but ev'n i' th' head o' th' Field to take Seleucus :
 I should doe something memorable : fy, sad still, (Sir.)

GENT. doe you greive we are come off ?

DEM. unransom'd, was it ?

GENT. it was, (Sir.)

DEM. and with such a Fame to me ?

said ye not soe ?

GENT. ye have heard it.

DEM. O Leontius,
 better I had lost 'em all, myselfe had perishd,
 and all my Father's hopes !

LEO. mercie upon ye !
 what ayle ye ? pray doe not make Fooles on's :
 neither goe to church, nor tarry at home ?
 that's a fine horne-pipe !

ANT. what's now your grief, Demetrius ?

DEM. did he not beate us twice ?

LEO. beate a pudding !
 beate us but once.

DEM. has beate me twice, and beate me to a Coward,
 beate me to nothing.

LEIU. is not the Devill in him?

LEO. I pray it be no worse.

DEM. twice conquourd me.

LEO. bear witnes all the World, I am a Dunce here.

DEM. with valor first he strake me, then with Honour :
that stroake, (Leontius,) that stroake, dost thou not feele it?

LEO. whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.
all theis gentlemen—

DEM. That were his prisoners—

LEO. yes, he set 'em free, (Sir,)
with Armes and honor.

DEM. there, there, now thou hast it;
at mine owne weapon, (Courtesie,) h'as beat me,
at that I was held a Master in, he 'has cowde me.
am I not now a wretched Fellow? thinck on't;
and when thou hast examind all waies honorable,
and findst no dore left open to requight this,
conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten.

ANT. I haue obseru'd your way, and understand it,
and equall love it as Demetrius.

My noble child, thou shalt not fall in Vertue,
I and my power will sinck first. You Leontius,
wayt for a new Comission. Ye shall out againe,
and instantly; you shall not lodge this night here,
not see a Friend, nor take a Blessing with ye,
before ye be i' th' Feild. The enemie is up still,
and still in full designe. Charge him againe, (Son,)
and either bring home that againe thou hast lost there,
or leave thy body by him.

DEM. now ye raise me;
and now I dare looke up againe, Leontius.

LEO. I, I, (Sir,) I am thincking who we shall take of
'em,
to make all straight; and who we shall give to th' Devill.

what saist thou now, Leiuetenant ?

LEIU. I say nothing.

Lord, what ayle I, that I haue no minde to fight now ?
I finde my constitution mightily altered
since I came home : I hate all noyces too,
especially the noyce of Droms. I am now as well
as any living man ; why not as valiant ?
to fight now, is a kind of vomit to me ;
it goes against my stomach.

DEM. good Sir, presently ;
you cannot doe your Son so faire a favor.

ANT. 'tis my intent : I'll see ye march away too.
Come, get your men togeather presently, Leontius,
And presse where 't please you, as ye march.

LEO. we goe, Sir.

ANT. wayt you on me : I'll bring ye to your Com~aund,
and there to Fortune give ye up.

DEM. ye love me. [Exeunt.

LEO. goe, get the Droms ; beate round, Leiuetenant.

LEIU. harck ye, Sir ;

I haue a foolish busines, they call Marriage—

LEO. after the Warrs are don.

LEIU. the partie staies, (Sir ;)

I haue given the Priest his money too : all my Friends,
(Sir,)

My Father, and my Mother—

LEO. will ye goe forward ?

LEIU. She brings a prettie matter with her.

LEO. half a dozen Bastards ?

LEIU. some forty, Sir—

LEO. a goodly company.

LEIU. I meane, (Sir,) pounds a yeare. I'll dispatch
the matter,

'tis but a night or too ; I'll overtake ye, (Sir.)

LEO. the two old legions ? yes : where lies the horse-
Quarter ?

LEIU. and if it be a Boy, I'll ev'n make bold, (Sir,)—

LEO. away with your whore, your musty whore ! you
rogue,

now you are cur'd and well, must ye be clicketting ?

LEIU. I haue broke my minde to my Aunciant ; in my
absence,

he's a sufficient Gentleman.

LEO. get forward.

LEIU. onely receive her Portion.

LEO. get ye forward ;

by this good light, I'll bang ye forward.

LEIU. strange, (Sir,)

a Gentleman and an Officer cannot haue that libertie
to doe the office of a Man.

LEO. out upon thee,
how came this whore into thy head ?

LEIU. this whore, (Sir ?)
'tis strange, a poore whore—

LEO. doe not answeare me :
Troope, Troope away : doe not name this whore againe,
or thinck there is a whore—

LEIU. that's very hard, Sir.

LEO. for if thou dost, looke to't ; I'll haue thee
guelded.

I'll walk ye out before me : not a word more. [Exeunt.

Scene 5^a. Enter Leucippe, and Hostisse.

LEU. you are the Mistrisse of the house, ye say,
where this yong Lady lies ?

Hos. for want of a better.

LEU. you may be good enough for such a purpose.
When was the Prince with her ? answeare me directly.

Hos. not since he went a Warring.

LEU. very well then.

what carnall copulation are you privy to
betweene theis two ? be not afraid ; we are Women,
and may talke thus amongst our selves, no harme in't.

Hos. no, sure, there is no harme in't, I conceive that ;
but truely, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman
otherwise given, then a hopefull Gentlewoman—

LEU. you'll grant me the Prince loves her ?

Hos. there I am with ye ;
and (the gods blesse him,) promises her mightily.

LEU. stay there a while : and gives her Guifts ?

Hos. extreemely ;
and truely makes a very Saint of her.

LEU. I should thinck now,
(good woman, let me haue your judgement with me,
I see 'tis none o' th' worst,—come, sitt downe by me—)
that theis two cannot love so tenderly—

Hos. being so yong as they are too—

LEU. you say well—
but that methinks some farther promises——

Hos. yes, yes ;
I haue heard the Prince sweare he would marry her.

LEU. verie well still : They doe not use to fall out ?

Hos. heaven knowes the tendrest Chickens to one
another !

they cannot live an howre a-sunder.

LEU. I have don then ;
and be you gon : you know your charge, and doe it.
you know whose will it is : if you transgresse it,
that is, if any haue accesse, or see her,
before the Kings will be fullfild—

Hos. not the Prince, (Madam ?)

LEU. you'll be hangd if you doe it, that I'll assure ye.

Hos. but nere the lesse, I'll make bold to obey ye.

LEU. away, and to your business then.

Hos. 'tis don, (Madam.) [Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Sce^a pri^a. Enter Antigonus and Minippus.

ANT. Thou hast taken wondrous paines ; But yet,
Minippus,
you vnderstand not of what Blood and Cuntie ?

MIN. I labourd that, but cannot come to know it.
a Greek I am sure, she is ; she speakes this language.

ANT. is she so excellent handsom ?

MIN. most intycing.

ANT. sold for a Prisoner ?

MIN. yes, Sir ;
some poore creature.

ANT. and he loves tenderly ?

MIN. they say extreemely.

ANT. 'tis well prevented then. yes, I perceiud it :
when he tooke leave now, he mad an hundred stopps,
desird an howre, but half an howre, a mynutt ;
which I with anger crosd. I knew his Buisynes ;
I knew 'twas She he hunted. This Jorney, man,
I beate out sodainely, for her cause intended,
and would not give him time to breathe. when comes she ?

MIN. this morning, Sir.

ANT. lodge her to all delight then ;
for I would haue her tryde to th' test : I know
She must be some crackt Coyne, not fitt his traffique ;
which, when we haue found, the same will mak him leave
her ;

or we shall work a neerer way ; I'll bury him,
 and with him all the hopes I haue cast vpon him,
 ere he shall dig his owne grave in that woman. .
 you know which way to bring her : I'll stand close there,
 to view her as she passes : and doe you heare, Minippus,
 observe her with all sweetnes ; humour her ;
 'twill mak her be more careles to our purposes.
 Away, and tak what helps you please.

MIN. I am gon, Sir.

[Exeunt.

Sce^a. 2^a. Enter Celia, and Hostesse.

CEL. Governesse, from whence was this Gowne sent
 me ?

pre thee, be serious, true : I will not wear't els.
 'tis a handsome one.

Hos. as though you knew not ?

CEL. no faith :

but I beleeeve for certaine too—yet I wonder,
 because it was his Caution, this poore way,
 still to preserve me from the curious searchings
 of greedie eies.

Hos. you haue it : doth it please ye ?

CEL. 'tis very rich, me thincks too ; pre-thee, tell me.

Hos. from one that likes you well. never looke coy,
 Lady ;

theis are no Guifts to be put off with powtings.

CEL. powtings, and Guifts ! is it from any Stranger ?

Hos. you are so curious, that there is no talke to ye.
 what if it be, I pray ye ?

CEL. vnpin, good Governesse ;
 quick, quick !

Hos. why, what's the matter ?

CEL. quick, good Governesse ;
 fy on't, how beastly it becomes me ! poorely !

a Trap put in vpon me ! well said, Governesse !
 I vow, I would not weare it—out ! it smells musty—
 are theis your Tricks ? how I begin to sweatt now !
 abhominable musty ! will ye helpe me ?

The Prince will come againe—

Hos. you are not mad, sure ?

CEL. as I live, I'll cutt it off : out vpon it !
 for sure 'twas made for that vse. Doe you bring me
 Liveries ?

Stales to catch kightes ? dost thou laugh too, thou base
 woman ?

Hos. I cannot choose, If I should be hangd.

CEL. abuse me,
 and then laugh at me too !

Hos. I doe not abuse ye :
 is it abuse, to give him drinck that's thirstie ?
 you want clothes ; is it such a heynous syn, I beseech ye,
 to see you stoard ?

CEL. there is no greater wickednes
 then this way.

Hos. what way ?

CEL. I shall cursse thee fearefully,
 if thou provokst me farther : and take heede, Woman ;
 my Curssees never misse.

Hos. Cursse him, that sent it.

CEL. tell but his name—

Hos. you dare not cursse him.

CEL. dare not be good ? be honest ? dare not cursse
 him ?

Hos. I thinck you dare not ; I beleeeve soe.

CEL. tell but his name.

Hos. 'twas Prince Demetrius sent it :
 now, now, give fire, kill him in the ie, Lady.

CEL. is he come home ?

Hos. it seemes soe : bat your cursse now.

CEL. pree-thee, doe not abuse me : is he come home indeed ?

for I would now with all my hart beleeeve thee.

Hos. nay, you may choose. alas, I deale for Strangers,
that send ye scurvy musty Gownes, stale Liveries !
I have my Tricks !

CEL. 'tis a good Gowne, a handsom one ;
I did but iest ; where is he ?

Hos. he that sent it —

CEL. how ? he that sent it ! is't come to that
again ?

thou canst not be so foolish : preethee, speake out ;
I may mistake thee.

Hos. I said, he that sent it —

CEL. beshrew thy hart, why dost thou vex me thus ?
I know thou mean'st Demetrius ; dost thou not ?
I charge thee speake truth : if it be any other,
thou knowst the charge he gave thee, and the Justice,
his angry will, if ere he come to know this,
as he shall, he shall, thou spightfull woman,
thou beastly woman ! and thou shalt know too late too,
and feele too sencibly, I am no ward,
no stale Stuff for your money marts that sent it !
who dares send me, or how darst thou, thou —

Hos. what you please :
for this is ever the reward of service :
The Prince shall bring the next himself.

CEL. 'tis strange,
that you should deale so peevishly : beshrew ye,
ye have put me in a heate.

Hos. I am sure ye haue killd me ;
I nere receiue'd such language : I can but wayt vpon ye,
and be your drudge ; keepe a poore life to serve ye.

CEL. you know my nature is too easy, Gover-
nesse ;

and you know now, I am sorry too. how doth he ?

Hos. oh, my head, my head !

CEL. preethee, be well, and tell me,
did he speake of me since he came ? nay, see now !
if thou wilt leave this turrany—good, sweet Governesse,
did he but name his Celia ? looke vpon me ;
vpon my faith, I meant no harme : heere, take this,
and buy thyself some Trifles : did he, good wench ?

Hos. he loves ye but too deerely.

CEL. that's my good Governesse !

Hos. there's more Clothes making for ye.

CEL. more Clothes !

Hos. more ;

richer and braver ; I can tell ye that newes ;
and twenty glorious things.

CEL. to what vse, Sirha ?

Hos. ye are too good for our house now ; we, poore
wretches,
shall loose the comfort of ye.

CEL. noe, I hope not.

Hos. for ever loose ye, Lady.

CEL. loose me ! wherefore ? I heare of no such
thing.

Hos. 'tis sure, it must be soe.
you must shine now at Court ! such preparation,
such hurrey, and such hanging Roomes—

CEL. to th' Court, wench ? was it to th' Court, thou
saidst ?

stay, stay, this cannot be.

Hos. you'll find, I said soe.

I say it must be ; the more my greif, heaven knowes :
I hope to find ye still the same good Lady.

CEL. to th' Court! this stumbles me: art sure for me,
wench,
this preparation is?

Hos. she is mightie crafty;
I feare, too honest for vs all too—am I sure I live?

CEL. to th' Court? this cannot downe: what should
I doe there?

whie should he on a sodaine change his mind thus,
and not make me acquainted? (sure he loves me)
his vow was made against it, and mine with him;
at least, whilst the King liu'd. he will come hether,
and see me, ere I goe?

Hos. ('would some wise woman
had her in working!) that I thinck he will not,
because he meanes with all ioy there to meet ye.
ye shall heare more within this howre.

CEL. a Courtier?
what may that meaning be? sure, he will see me.
if he be come; he must. harck ye, good Governesse;
what age is the King of?

Hos. now the devill's in her.
he's an old man, and full of Busynes.

CEL. I feare too full, indeed. what Ladies are there?
I would be loath to want good company.

Hos. delicate yong Ladies, as you would desire;
and, when you are acquainted, the best Companie!

CEL. 'tis very well; pree-thee, goe in; let's talke more.
for, though I feare a Trick, I'll bravely try it.

Hos. I see he must be cuñing, knocks this Doa downe.
[Exeunt.

See* 3^a. Enter Leiuetenant, and Leontius running after him.
Droms within.

LEO. you shall not have your will, Sirha! Are ye
ruñing?

haue ye gotten a toy in your heeles? is this a season,
when honor pricks ye on, to prick your eares vp,
after your whore, your hobby horse?

LEIU. why, looke ye now!

what a strange man are you? would you have a man fight
at all howres all alike?

LEO. doe but fight some thing,
but half a blow, and put thy stomach to't:
turne but thy face, and doe but make mouthes at 'em.

LEIU. and have my teeth knockd out? I thanck ye
hartely!

ye are my deere frend!

LEO. what a devill ayles thee?
dost long to be hangd?

LEIU. 'faith, Sir, I make no suit for't:
but rather then I would live thus out of charitie,
continually in brawling—

LEO. art not thou he—
I may be cozon'd—

LEIU. I shalbe discoverd.

LEO. that, in the midst of thy most hellish paines,
when thou wert crawling-sick, didst ayme at wonders?
when thou wert madd with paine?

LEIU. ye have found the cause out;
I had nere byn madd to fight els. I confes, Sir,
the dayly torture of my Side, that vex'd me,
made me as dayly careles what became of me,
'till a kind Sword there wounded me, and easd me;
'twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well now,
and take some pleasure in my life: me thincks, now,
it showed as madd a thing to me to see you scuffle,
and kill one another foolishly for honor,
as twas to you to see me play the Coxcomb.

LEO. and wilt thou fight no more?

LEIU. in the mind I am

LEO. nor nere be sick againe ?

LEIU. I hope I shall not.

LEO. pree-thee be sick againe ; pree-thee, I beseech thee,

be iust so sick againe.

LEIU. I'll iust be hangd first.

LEO. if all the Arts that are can make a Chollique, therefore look to't ! or if Imposthumes, mark me ! as big as foote-balls—

LEIU. heaven deliver me !

LEO. or stones of ten pound waight i' th' kydneis, through ease and ougly diets, may be gather'd, I'll feed ye vp myself, Sirha ; I'll prepare ye ! you cannot fight, vnles the devill teare ye ? you shall not want provocatives ; I'll scratch ye ; I'll haue thee haue the Toothe ache, and the head ache.—

LEIU. good Corronall, I'll doe any thing !

LEO. noe, noe, nothing !

then will I have thee blowne with a paire of Smithes bellowes,

(because ye shalbe sure to haue a round gale with ye) fill'd full of oyle a devill, and Aqua fortis ; and let theis work ; theis may provoake ye.

LEIU. Good Corronall !

LEO. a Coward in full Blood ? preethee, be plaine with me ; will roasting doe thee any good ?

LEIU. nor basting neither, Sir.

LEO. mary, that goes hard.

Enter Gentlemen.

GENT. where are you, Corronall ?
The Prince expects ye, Sir ; 'hath hedgd the Enemie

within a straight, where all the hopes and vallo^m
 of all men living cannot force a passage :
 he hath 'em now.

LEO. I knew all this before :
 I chalkd him out his way. But, doe you see that Thing
 there ?

LEIU. nay, good sweet Corronall ! I'll fight a litle.

LEO. that Thing !

GENT. what Thing ! I see the brave Leiutenant.

LEO. Roague, what a name hast thou lost ?

LEIU. you may help it ;
 yet you may help : I'll doe ye any curtesie !
 I know you love a wench well.

LEO. looke vpon him.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

doe you looke too.

2 GENT. What should I looke on ?
 I come to tell ye, the Prince stayes your direction :
 we haue 'em now i' th' Coope, Sir.

LEO. let 'em rest there,
 and chew vpon their miseries. but, looke first—

LEIU. I cannot fight, for all this.

LEO. looke on this Fellow !

GENT. I know him ; 'tis the valiant, brave Leiutenant.

LEO. canst thou heare this, and play the Roague ?
 steale off ! quickly,
 behind me quickly, quickly neatly doe it !

LEIU. and run into the thickest of the Enemie ?

LEO. and if thou killst but two—

LEIU. you may excuse me ;
 'tis not my fault : I dare not fight.

LEO. be ruld yet ;
 I'll bate thee one ; goe, winck and fight ! for shame !

2 GENT. what's all this matter?

1 GENT. nay, I cannot show ye.

LEO. heere's twenty pound, goe but smell to 'em.

LEIU. Alas, Sir.

I haue taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.

LEO. I can smell a Rascall, a ranck Rascall!
foh! how he stincks! stincks like a tird Girole!

GENT. What, Sir?

LEO. whȳ, that, Sir, that; doe not you smell him?

GENT. smell him?

LEIU. I must endure.

LEO. stincks like a dead dog, Carrion!
there's no such dampnable smell vnder heaven,
as the faynt sweatt of a Coward. will ye fight yet!

LEIU. nay, now I defy ye; ye haue spoake the worst
ye can of me;
and if every man should take what you say to the hart!—

LEO. I thanck thee,
I thanck thee with all my hart; here I forgive thee;
and fight, or fight not, doe but goe along with vs,
and keepe my dog.

LEIU. I love a good dog naturally.

GENT. what's all this stirre, Leiutenant?

LEIU. nothing, Sir,
but a slight matter of argument; a toy.

LEO. sure, I shall love this Roague, he's so pretty a
Coward.—

Come, Gentlemen, let's vp now, and if Fortune
dare play the Slutt againe, I'll nere more Saint her.—
Come, play-fellow, come! pree thee, come vp, come,
chicken!

I haue a way shall fitt ye. a tame knave!
Come, looke vpon's.

LEIU. I'll tell ye who doth best, Boyes. [Exeunt.

Sce* 4*. Enter Antigonus and Minippus above.

MIN. I sawe her coming out.

ANT. who waytes vpon her?

MIN. Timon, Charinthus, and some other Gentlemen,
by me appointed.

ANT. where's your wife?

MIN. she's ready

to entertaine her heere, Sir; and some Ladies
fitt for her Lodgings.

ANT. how shoves she in her Trym now?

MIN. ô, most devinely sweete.

ANT. preethee, speake softly.

how doth she take her Coming?

MIN. she beares it bravely;

but what she thincks—for heaven sake, Sir, preserve me!
if the Prince chaunce to find this—

ANT. peace, ye old foole;

she thincks to meete him here?

MIN. that's all the proiect.

ANT. was she hard to bring?

MIN. noe, she beleevd it quickly,
and quickly made herself fitt. The Gowne a litle,
and those new things she hath not byn acquainted with,
at least in this place, where she livd a Prisoner,
troubled and stird her mind. But, beleeeue me, Sir;
she hath worne as good, they fit so apted to her;
and she is so great a mistresse of disposure.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and others.

Here they come now: but take a full view of her.

ANT. how cheerefully she looks! how she salutes all!
and how she viewes the Place! She is very yong, sure.
that was an admirable Smile, a catching one;

the very twang of Cupids Bow soong in it !
 She hath two edgd Eies ; by heaven they kill on both
 sides.

MIN. She makes a stand, as though she would speake.

ANT. be still then.

CEL. good Gentlemen, trouble your selves no farther ;
 I had thought, sure, to haue mett a noble Frend here.

TIM. ye may meete many, Lady.

CEL. such as you are,
 I covet fewe, or none, Sir.

CHA. will you walke this way,
 and take the Sweetes o'th' Garden ? Coole and close,
 Lady.

CEL. me thincks, this open ayre's farr better.—tend
 ye that way ?

pray ye, where's the woman came along ?

CHA. what woman ?

CEL. the woman of the House I lay at.

TIM. woman ? here was none came along, sure.

CEL. sure I am catchd then.—

'pray, where's the Prince ?

CHA. he will not be long from you.
 we are his humble servants.

CEL. I could laugh now,
 to see how finely I am cozon'd : yet I feare not ;
 for, sure, I know a way to scape all dangers.

TIM. Madam, your Lodgings lye this way.

CEL. my Lodgings ?
 for heaven sake, Sir, what office doe I beare here ?

TIM. the great Comaunder of all harts.

Enter Leucippe and Ladies.

CEL. you haue hitt it :
 I thanck your sweete hart for it ! who are theis now ?

CHA. Ladies, that come to serve ye.

CEL. well considerd.—

are you my Servants ?

LADIES. Servants to your pleasures.

CEL. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trouble ye !

Catchd with a Trick ? well, I must beare it patiently.—
methincks, this Court's a neat place ; all the people
of such refine a size—

TIM. this is no poore Rogue.

LEU. were it a Paradize, to please your fancie,
and entertaine the Sweetnes you bring with ye—

CEL. take breath ; you are fatt, and many words may
melt ye.—

this is three Bawdes beaten into one. blesse me, heaven,
what shall become of me ? I am i' th' pitt fall.

on my conscience, this is the old viper, and all theis litle
ones

creepe every night into her belly.—doe you heare, plump
Servant,

and you, my litle sucking Ladies ? you must teach me
(for I know you are excellent at Carriage)
how to behave myself ; for I am rude yet.
but you say the Prince will come ?

LAD. will fly to see you.

CEL. for, looke you, yf a Great Man, say the King now,
should come and visitt me—

MIN. she names ye.

ANT. peace, Foole !

CEL. and offer me a kindnes, such a kindnes—

LEU. I, such a kindnes !

CEL. true, Lady, such a kindnes :
what shall that kindnes be now ?

LEU. a witty Lady !

Learne, litle ones, Learne.

CEL. say it be all his favor—

LEU. and a sweet saying 'tis.

CEL. and I grow peeuish ?

LEU. you must not be neglectfull.

CEL. there's the matter ; there's the mayne doctrine,
and I may misse it. Or a kind handsom Gentleman ?

LEU. you say well.

CEL. they'll count vs basely bredd.

LEU. not freely nurturd.

CEL. I'll take thy Councell.

LEU. 'tis an excellent Woman !

CEL. I find a notable volume here, a learned one.
which way ? for I would fayne be in my Chamber ;
in truth, Sweet Ladies, I grow weary. fy !
how hott the Aire beates on me !

LAD. this way, Madam.

CEL. now, by mine honor, I grow wondrous faint too.

LEU. your Fanns, sweet Gentlemen, your Fanns !

CEL. sure I am fool'd,
I'll make myself some sport, though I pay dere for't.
[Exeunt.

MIN. you see now what a manner of woman she is, Sir.

ANT. thou art an asse !

MIN. is this a fitt Love for the Prince ?

ANT. a Coxcombe !

now, by my Crowne, a dayntie wench, a sharpe wench,
and of a matcheless spirit ! how she jeird 'em !

how carelessly she scoffd 'em ! vse her nobely.

I would I had not seene her ! Wayt anon,
and then you shall haue more to trade vpon. [Exeunt.

Sce^a. 5^a. Enter Leontius and Gentlemen.

LEO. We must keepe a round, and a strong watch to
night ;

the Prince will not charge the Enemie till the morning :
But for the Tricke I told ye for this Rascall,
this Rogue, that health and strong hart makes a Coward—

1 GENT. I, if it take.

LEO. ne're feare it ; the Prince has it,
and if he let it fall, I must not know it ;
he will suspect me presently : but you Two
may help the plowgh.

2 GENT. that he is sick againe ?

LEO. extreemely sick ; his disease growne vncurable ;
never yet found, nor touch'd at.

2 GENT. well, we haue it ;

Enter Leiuetenant.

and here he comes.

LEO. the Prince has byn vpon him :
what a slotten face he has now ! It takes, beleeeve it.
how like an asse he lookes !

LEIU. I feele no great paine ;
at least, I thinck I doe not ; yet I feele sencibly,
I grow extreemely faint. how cold I sweatt now !
and as it were a stitch too. the Prince told me,
and every one cride out, I was a dead man :
I had thought I had byn as well—

LEO. vpon him now, Boyes ;
and doe it most demurely.

GENT. how now, Leiuetenant !

LEIU. I thanck ye, Gentlemen.

1 GENT. how lookes this Man ?
how dost thou, good Leiuetenant ?

2 GENT. I ever told ye
this Man was never cured ; I see it too plaine now.
how doe you feele yourself ? you looke not perfect.
how dull his eie hangs !

1 GENT. that may be discontent.

2 GENT. beleeve me, frend, I would not suffer now
the tithe of those paines this man feeles—Marck his
forehead !

what a clowd of cold dewe hangs vpon't !

LEIU. I haue it,
again I haue it ; how it growes vpon me !
a miserable man I am !

LEO. ha, ha, ha, ha !
a miserable man thou shalt be.

Enter Phisitians.

this is the tamest Trowt I ever tickled.

1 PHIS. this way he went.

2 PHIS. 'pray heaven, we find him living !

1 PHIS. he's a brave Fellow ; 'tis pittie he should
perish thus.

2. PHIS. a strong harted man, and of a notable suf-
fraunce.

LEIU. oh, oh !

1 GENT. how now ? how is it, man ?

LEIU. oh, Gentlemen,
never so full of paine.—

2 GENT. did not I tell ye ?

LEIU. never so full of paine, Gentlemen.

1 PHIS. he's heere.—

how doe you, Sir ?

2 PHIS. be of good comfort, Soldier ;
the Prince has sent vs to ye.

LEIU. doe you thinck I may live ?

2 PHIS. he alters howrely, strangely.

1 PHIS. yes, you may live : but—

LEO. fairly butted, Doctor !

1 GENT. doe not discourage him.

1 PHIS. he must be told truly ;
'tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius and other Gentlemen.

2 GENT. here the Prince comes.

DEM. how now, Gentlemen ?

2 GENT. bewayling, Sir, a Soldier ;
and one, I thinck, your Grace will greive to part with.
but every living thing—

DEM. 'tis true, must perish ;
our lives are but our Watches to our Graves.—
how dost thou now, Lieutenant ?

LEIU. 'faith, 'tis true, Sir ;
we are but Spans, and Candles' ends.

LEO. he's finely mortefied.

DEM. thou art hart whole yet, I see. he alters
strangely,
and that apace ; I saw it this morning in him,
when he, poore man, I dare sweare—

LEIU. no, beleeue, Sir ;
I never felt it.

DEM. here lyes the paine now : how he is swelld !

PHIS. the Imposthume,
fedd with a new malignant humour now,
will grow to such a bignes, 'tis increadible ;
the compasse of a Bushell will not hold it.
and with such hell of torture it will rise to—

DEM. can you endure me touch it ?

LEIU. oh, I beseech ye, Sir !
I feele ye sencibly ere ye come nere me.

DEM. he's finely wrought. he must be cutt, no cure els,
and sodainely ; ye see how fast he blowes out.

LEIU. good master Docter, let me be beholding to ye :
I feele I cannot last—

PHIS. for what, Lieutenant?

LEIU. but ev'n for half a dozen Kans of good wine,
that I may drinck my will out ; I faynt hideously.

DEM. fetch him some wyne ; and, since he must goe,
Gentlemen,

why, let him take his Jorney merily.

LEIU. that's ev'n the neerest way.

LEO. I could laugh dead now !

DEM. heere, off with that.

LEIU. theis two I give your Grace ;
a poore remembrance of a dying man, Sir ;
[he drincks 2 Kans.

and I beseech ye, weare 'em out.

DEM. I will, Soldier,
theis are fine Legacies.

LEIU. among the Gentlemen,
evn all I haue left ; I am a poore man, naked,
yet something for remembraunce, foure a peece, Gen-
tlemen :

and soe my Bodie—where ye please.

LEO. it will work.

LEIU. I make your Grace my Executor, and, I be-
seech ye,
see my poore will performd ; sure, I shall walk els. '

DEM. as full as they can be fill'd ; heere's my hand,
Soldier.

1 GENT. the wine begins to tickle him.

LEIU. I would heare a Drom beate,
but to see how I could endure it.

DEM. beate a Drom there ! [a Drom beates.

LEIU. oh, heavenle musick ! I would heare one sing
to't.

I am very full of paine.

DEM. Sing ? 'tis impossible.

LEIU. why, then I would drinck a Drom full. where
lies the Eniemie ? . . .

GENT. why, here, close by.

LEO. now he begins to muster.

LEIU. and dare he fight ?

dare he fight, Gentlemen ?

PHIS. you must not cutt him ;
he's gon then in a moment : all the hope left is,
to work his weakenes into sodaine anger,
and make him rayse his passion 'bove his paine,
and so dispose him on the Enemie :
his Body then, being stird with violence,—

DEM. will purge itself, and breake the Sore. .

PHIS. 'tis true, Sir.

and then, my life for his—

LEIU. I will not die thus.

DEM. but he is too weake to doe—

LEIU. dye like a dog !

PHIS. I know he's weake ; but yet his hart's whole.

LEIU. hem !

DEM. an excellent sign.

LEIU. hem !

DEM. stronger still, and better.

LEIU. hem ! hem ! ran, tan, tan, tan, tan ! [Exit.

PHIS. now he's i' th' way on't.

DEM. well, goe thy waies ; thou wilt doe something,
certaine,

and some brave thing, or let mine eares be cutt off.

LEO. he's fairly wrought.

DEM. let's after him.

LEO. I pray, Sir.

but how the Rogue, when this Clowd's melted in him,
and all discoverd—

DEM. that's for an after mirth.

[Exeunt.

See^a. 6^a. Enter Seluchus, Lisimachus, Ptolomey, and Soldiers.

SEL. Let no man feare to die; we love to sleepe all,
and death is but the sounder Sleepe. all ages,
and all howres call vs; 'tis so comon, easie,
that litle Children tread those pathes before vs.
we are not sicke, nor our Soules prest with Sorrowes,
nor goe we out like tedious Tales, forgotten,
high, high we come, and hartie to our Funeralls,
and, as the Sun that setts, in blood let's fall.

LIS. 'tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em.
nor keepes the Brow of Fortune one Smile for vs.
Dishonorable ends we can 'scape though,
and, worse then those, (Captivities) we can die;
and dying nobely, though we leave behind vs
theis Clodds of flesh, that are too massy burthens,

[Alarum within.

our living Soules fly crownd with living Conquests!

PTOL. They have begun; Fight bravely, and fall
bravely;
and may that Man that seekes to save his life now,
by price, or promise, or by Feare falls from vs,
never againe be blest with name of Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

SEL. how now? who Charges first? I seeke a brave hand
to set me off in death.

SOLD. we are not chargd, Sir;
the Prince lies still.

SEL. how come this 'Larum vp then?

SOLD. there is one desperate Fellow, with the devill
in him,

(he never durst doe this els) has broke into vs,
and here he bangs ye two or three before him,
here five or six; ventures vpon whole Companies.

PTOL. and is not seconded ?

SOLD. not a man followes.

SEL. nor cutt a' peeces ?

SOLD. their wonder yet has staid 'em.

SEL. let's in and see this miracle.

PTOL. I admire it !

[Exeunt.

Enter Leontius and a Gentleman.

LEO. fetch him off ! fetch him off ! I am sure he's
clowted.

did not I tell ye how 'twould take ?

GENT. 'tis admirable !

[Exeunt.

Enter the Lieutenant with colours in his hand, driving Soldiers
before him.

LEIU. Follow that blow, my friend ! there's at your
coxcomb !

I fight to save me from the Surgeons' miseries.

LEO. how the knave curries 'em !

LEIU. ye cannot, Rogues,

till ye have my diseases, fly my fury.

ye Bread-and-butter Rogues, doe ye run from me ?

and my Side would give me leave, I would soe hunt ye,

ye porridge-gutted Slaves, ye veale-broth Boobies !

LEO. enough, enough, Lieutenant ! thou hast don
bravely.

Enter Demetrius.

DEM. Mirrour of Men !

LEIU. there's a Flag for ye, Sir :

I took it out o' th' Shop, and never paid for't.

I'll to 'em againe ; I am not come to th' text yet.

DEM. no more, my Soldier. beshrew my hart, he's
hurt shrewdly.

LEO. hang him, he'll lick all theis whole.

PHIS. now will we take him,
and cure him in a trice.

DEM. be carefull of him.

LEIU. let me live but two yeare, and doe what ye will
with me.

I never had but two howres yet of happines.
pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valor ;
for I am even as weary of this Fighting—

PHIS. ye shall have nothing. Come to the Prince's
Tent,
and there the Surgeons presently shall search ye ;
then to your rest.

LEIU. a little handsom Litter
to lay me in, and I shall sleepe. [Ex^t.

LEO. looke to him.

DEM. I doe beleewe a horsse begot this Fellow ;
he never knew his Strength yet.—Come, Leontius,
Let's now vp to theis Conquero^{rs} : they are our owne.

LEO. I thinck soe ; I am cozond els. I would but
see now
a way to fetch theis off, and save theire hono^{rs}.

DEM. onely their lives.

Enter a Trompet, and a Harrold.

LEO. pray ye, take no way of Peace now,
vnles it be with infinite advantage.

DEM. I shalbe rulld. Let the Battailes now move
foreward ;
our self will give the Signall : stay a Trompet ;—
now, Harrold, what's your messadge ?

HAR. from my Masters
this honorable curtesie, a Parley
for half an howre ; no more, Sir.

DEM. Let 'em come on ;
they have my princely word.

Enter Seleucus, Lismachus and Ptolemy.

HAR. they are here to attend ye.

DEM. now, Princes, your Demaunds ?

SEL. Peace, if it may be
without the too-much taynture of our honors ;
Peace ; and wee'll buy it too.

DEM. at what price ?

LIS. Tribute.

PTOL. at all the Charge of this war.

DEM. that will not doe it.

SEL. you and I have servd togeather, Leontius,
and run through many a Fortune with our Swords,
Brothers in wounds and health ; One meate has fedd vs,
one Tent, a thousand times, from cold night coverd vs ;
our Loves have byn but one ; and, had we died then,
one Monument had held our names and actions :
why doe you sett vpon your Friends such prices,
and sacrificize to giddy Chaunce such Trophies ?
have we forgot to die ? or are our Vertues
lesse in Afflictions constant, then our Fortunes ?
ye are deceivd, old Soldier.

LEO. I know your worthes,
and thus lowe bowe in reverence to your vertues.
weare this my Warrs, or leadd my Powre in Cheif here,
I knew then how to meete your Memories :
They are my King's employments ; this man fights now,
to whom I owe all dutie, faith, and Service ;
This man, that fledd before ye. Call back that,
that bloody day againe, Call that Disgrace home,
and then an easie price may sheath our Swords vp.
I am not greedy of your Lives and Fortunes,

nor doe I gape vngratefully to swallow ye.
 Honor, the Spur of all illustrious natures,
 that made you famous Soldiers, and next Kings,
 and not ambitious Envy, strikes me foreward.
 will ye vn-Arme, and yield yourselves his Prisoners?

SEL. we never knew what that sound meant : no Geyves
 shall ever bind this Body, but Embraces ;
 nor waight of Sorrow here, till earth fall on me.

LEO. expect our charge then.

LIS. 'tis the nobler Curtesie !
 and so we leave the hand of heaven to blesse vs

DEM. stay ! have ye any hope ?

SEL. we have none left vs,
 but that one comfort of our deathes togeather :
 give vs but roome to fight.

LEO. win it, and weare it.

PTOL. Call from the hills those Companies hang o're vs
 like bursting Clowdes, and then breake in, and take vs.

DEM. find such a Soldier will forsake Advantage,
 and wee'll drawe off. to show I dare be noble,
 and hang a light out to ye in this darknes,
 (the light of Peace !) give vp those Citties, Forts,
 and all those frontier Cuntries, to our vses.

SEL. is this the Peace ? Traitors to those that feed vs,
 our Gods and People, give our Cuntries from vs ?

LIS. begin the knell ; it sounds a great deal sweeter.

PTOL. let loose your Servant Death !

SEL. fall Fate vpon us,
 our Memories shall never stanck behind vs !

DEM. Selucus ! Great Selucus !

SOLD. the Prince calls, Sir.

DEM. Thou stock of noblenes and Curtesie,
 thou Father of the Warr !

LEO. what meanes the Prince now ?

DEM. give me my Standard here.

LIS. his Anger's melted.

DEM. you, Gentlemen, that were his Prisoners,
and felt the Bountie of that noble Nature,
lay all your hands, and beare theis Colours to him,
the Standard of the Kingdome. Take it, Soldier!

PTOL. what will this meane?

DEM. thou hast won it; beare it off;
and draw thy Men home whilst we wayt vpon thee.

SEL. you shall have all our Cuntries.

LIS. PTOL. All, by heaven, Sir.

DEM. I will not have a Stone, a Bush, a Bramble:
noe, in the way of Curtesie, I'll start ye.—

Draw off, and make a Lane through all the Armeie,
that theis, that have subdude vs, may march through vs.

SEL. Sir, do not make me surfeyt with such Goodnes;
I'll beare your Standard for ye, Follow ye.—

DEM. by heaven, it shalbe soe; March through me
fairely,
and thine be this daie's honor, Great Seleucus!

LIS. PTOL. mirror of noble mindes!

LEO. I cannot speake now!
well, goe thy waies! at a sure peece of Bravery
thou art the best! Theis Men are won by th' necks now.
[Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Sce^a pri^a. Enter Antigonus and Minippus.

ANT. Noe aptnes in her?

MIN. not an immodest Motion;
and yet she is as free, and, when she is courted,
makes as wilde witty answeares—

ANT. this more fires me '
I must not have her thus.

MIN. we cannot alter her.

ANT. have ye put the youthes vpon her ?

MIN. all that know any thing,
and have byn studied how to catch a Beutie ;
But, like soe many Whelpes about an Elephant—
The Prince is com̃ing home, Sir.

ANT. I heare that too ;
but that's no matter. Am I alter'd well ?

MIN. not to be knowne, I thinck, Sir,

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

ANT. I must see her.

1 GENT. I offer'd all I had, all I could thinck of,
I tryde her through all the points o' th' Compasse, I thinck.
she studies to vndooe the Court, to plant here
the Enemie to o^r Age, Chastetie.

2 GENT. She is the first that e're baulkd a Close
Arbo^r,
and those sweete Contents within : She hates curl'd
heads too :

and setting vp of Beards she sweares is Idolatrie.

1 GENT. I never see so faire a Face so frozen ;
yet she would make one thinck—

2 GENT. True, by her Carnage ;
for she's as wanton as a kid, to th'out side,
as full of mockes and Taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,
walk'd with her half an houre.

1 GENT. She heard me sing,
and soong herself too ; She sings daintely :
but still, when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
to minister enough of those, then presently,
with some new Flam or other, nothing to th' matter,

and such a frowne as would sinck all before her,
 she takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be the last
 Fooles.

2 GENT. not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange
 Wench.

ANT. this screwes me vp still higher.

Enter Celia wth Ladies.

MIN. here she comes, Sir.

ANT. then, be you gon, and take the women with ye :
 and lay those Jewells in her way.

CEL. if I stay longer,

I shall number as many Loves as Lays did.
 how they flock after me ! vpon my Conscience,
 I haue had a dozen horses given me this morning :
 I'll even sett vp a Troope, and turne She-Soldier.
 a good discreete wench now, that were not hide-bound,
 might raise a fine State here, and sodainely :
 for theis warme Things will give their Soules—I can goe
 no whether,
 without a world of Offrings to my Excellence :
 I am a Queene, a Goddesse, I know not what ;
 and no Constellation in all heaven, but I out-shine it.
 and they have found out now I have no eies,
 no mortall lightes ; but certaine Influencies,
 strange vertuous Lightnings, humane nature starts at ;
 and I can kill my twenty in a morning,
 with as much ease now—ha ! what are theis ? new Pro-
 iects ?

where are my honorable Ladies ? Are you Out, too ?
 nay, then I must buy the Stock ; send me good Carding ?
 I hope the Prince's hand be not in this Sport :
 I have not seene him yet, Cannot heare from him,
 and that, that troubles me : all theis were Recreations,

had I but his sweet Companie to Laugh with me.
 what Fellow's that? an other Apparition?
 this is the Lovingst Age! I should know that face;
 sure, I have seenet before; not long since neither.

ANT. She sees me now.—oh heaven! a most rare
 Creature!

CEL. Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no notice of ye;
 but, if I doe not fitt ye, let me fry for't.
 Is all this kackling for your egg? They are fayre ones,
 excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may stumble
 a good staid mind; but I can goe thus by 'em.—
 My honest Frend, Doe you sett off theis Jewells?

ANT. Sett 'em-off, Lady?

CEL. I meane, sell 'em here, Sir.

ANT. She's verie quick.—for Sale they are not meant,
 sure.

CEL. for Sanctety, I thinck, much lesse. Good even,
 Sir.

ANT. nay, noble Lady, stay: 'tis you must weare 'em:
 never looke strange, they are worthie your best Beutie.

CEL. did ye speake to me?

ANT. to you, or to none living:
 to you they are sent, to you they are sacrificd.

CEL. I'll never looke a horse i' th' mouth that's given.
 I thanck ye, Sir: I'll send one to reward ye.

ANT. Do you never ask who sent 'em?

CEL. never, I;
 nor never care. if it be to an honest end,
 that end's the full reward, and thancks but slubbers it:
 if it be ill, I will not vrge the acquaintance.

ANT. this has a Soule indeed.—pray, let me tell ye.

CEL. I care not if ye doe, so ye doe it handsomely,
 and not stand picking of your words.

ANT. the King sent 'em.

CEL. away, away ! thou art some foolish Fellow !
and now, I thinck, thou hast stole 'em too. The King
sent 'em ?

alas; good man ! wouldst thou make me beleeeue
he hath nothing els to doe with things of theis worthes,
but wantonly to fling 'em ? He's an old man,
a good old man, they say, too. I dare sweare,
full many a yeare a-goe he left theis Gambolls.
here, take your Trincketts.

ANT. sure, I doe not lye, Lady.

CEL. I know thou lvest extreemely, dampnably,
thou hast a lying Face !

ANT. I was never thus ratled.

CEL. But, say, I should beleeeve: Why are theis sent
me ?

and whie art thou the Messenger ? whou art thou ?

ANT. Lady, looke on 'em wisely, and then consider
who can send such as theis, but a King onely ?
and, to what Bewtie can they be oblations,
but onely yours ? For me, that am the Carrier,
'tis onely fitt, you know I am his Servant,
and haue fulfilled his will.

CEL. you are short and pithie.
what must my Beautie doe for theis ?

ANT. Sweet Lady,
you cannot be so hard of vnderstanding,
when a King's Favour shines vpon ye gloriously,
and speakes his Love in theis—

CEL. ô, then, Love's the matter ;
Sir-reverence, Love ! now I begin to feelee ye :
and I should be the King's whore ; a brave Title !
and goe as glorious as the Sun ; ô brave still !
the Chief Com~aundresse of his Concubines,
hurried from place to place to meete his pleasures !

ANT. a diuillish subtle wench ; but a rare spirit.

CEL. and when the good old Spunge hath suckd my
youth drie,

and left some of his roiall Aches in my Bones ;
when Time shall tell me I haue plowgh'd my life vp,
and cast long Furrowes in my face to sinck me—

ANT. you must not thinck soe, Lady.

CEL. then can theis, Sir,
theis pretious Things, the price of youth and Beutie,
this Shop here of Sin-offrings, sett me off againe ?
can it restore me Chaste, yong, Inocent ?
purge me to what I was ? add to my memorie
an honest and a noble Fame ? The King's device !
the Sin's as vniversall as the Sun is,
and lights an everlasting Torch to shame me.

ANT. do you hold so light account of a great Kings
Favo^r,
that all knees bowe to purchase ?

CEL. pree thee, peace !
if thou knew'st how ill favourdly thy Tale becomes thee,
and what ill roote it takes—

ANT. you wilbe wiser.

CEL. Could the King find no shape to shift his Pandar
into,
but reverend Age ? and one so like himself too ?

ANT. she has found me out.

CEL. Cozen the World with Gravitie !
pree' thee, resolute me one thing ; doth the King love thee ?

ANT. I think he doth.

CEL. it seemes soe, by thy Office :
he loues thy vse, and, when that's ended, hates thee.
thou seemst to me a Soldier.

ANT. yes, I am one.

CEL. and hast fought for thy Cuntrie ?

ANT. many a time.

CEL. may be, commaunded too ?

ANT. I haue soe, Lady.

CEL. Ô, wretched man, below the state of Pittie !
 canst thou forget thou wert begot in Honor ?
 a free Companion for a King ? a Soldier ?
 whose noblenes dare feele no want but Enemies ?
 Canst thou forget this, and decline soe wretchedly,
 to eate the Bread of Bawdry ? of base Bawdrie ?
 feed on the scom of Sin ? Fling thy Sword from thee,
 Dishono^r to thy noble name that nurssd thee !
 Goe, begg diseases ! let them be thine armo^{rs} ;
 thy Fightes the flames of Lust, and theire fowle Issues.

ANT. why then, I am a King, and mine owne speaker.

CEL. and I as free as you, mine owne disposer.
 there, take your Jewells ; let them give them Lusters
 that have darck lives and soules : Weare 'em yourself,
 Sir ;

you'll seeme a devill els.

ANT. I comãund ye, stay.

CEL. be iust, I am comãunded.

ANT. I will not wrong ye.

CEL. then thus lowe falls my Dutie.

ANT. Can ye Love me ?

say " I," and all I have—

CEL. I cannot Love ye ;
 without the breach of Faith, I cannot heare ye.
 ye hang vpon my Love like Frosts on Lillies.

I can dye, but I cannot love : you are answeard. [Exit.

ANT. I must find apter meanes ; I love her truely. [Exit.

Sce^a 2^a. Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Gent., Soldiers : y^e Host
 talking wth Demetrius.

DEM. Heather, doc you say, She is come ?

HOST. yes, Sir, I am sure on't :
for, whilst I wayted on ye, putting my wiffe in trust,
I know not by what meanes, but the King found her,
and heather She was brought, how, or to what end—

DEM. my Father found her?

HOST. so my wiffe informes me.

DEM. Leontius, 'pray drawe off the Soldiers :
I would a while be privat.

LEO. Fall off, Gentlemen !
the Prince would be alone. [Exeunt.

DEM. Is he so cun'ing?
there is some Tricke in this, and yo^u must know it,
and be an Agent too ; which, if it prove soe—

HOST. pull me to peeces, Sir.

DEM. my Father found her?
my Father brought her hether? went she willingly?

HOST. my wiffe saies full of doubts.

Enter Antigonus, Minippus, Leontius, &c.

DEM. I cannot blame her.
no more. There is no trust, no faith in mankind !

ANT. keepe her vp close ; he must not come to see
her.—

you are wellcom nobely now ! Wellcom home, Gentlemen !
you haue don a curteous Service on the Enemie,
hath tyde his Faith for ever ; you shall find it.—
you are not now in's debt, Son. Still your sad lookes ?—
Leontius, what's the matter ?

LEO. faith, Sir, I know not,
we haue byn merry since we went.

LEIU. I feele it.

ANT. Come, what's the matter now ? doe you want
money ?—
sure he hath heard o' th' wench.

DEM. is that a want, Sir?

I would fayne speak to your Grace,

ANT. you may doe freely.

DEM. and not deserve your anger?

ANT. that ye may too.

DEM. there was a Gentlewoman, and sometimes my
Prisoner,

which I thought well of, Sir. your Grace conceives me?

ANT. I doe indeed, and with much greif conceive ye;
with full as much greif as your mother bore ye.

There was such a Woman: would I might as well say
there was no such Demetrius.

DEM. She was vertuous,
and therefore not vnfit my Youth to Love her.
she was as faire—

ANT. her Beutie I'll proclaimee too,
to be as rich as ever raign'd in Woman;
but how she made that good, the deuill knowes.

DEM. She was—oh, heaven!

ANT. the Hell to all thy Glories,
swallow'd thy Youth, made shipwrack of thine hono^r:
she was a Devill!

DEM. ye are my Father, Sir!

ANT. and since you take a pride to show your follies,
I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.

LEO. what heate is this? the Kings eyes speake his
anger.

ANT. thou hast abusd thy youth, drawne to thy
felowship,
instead of Arts and Armes, a Woman's kisses,
the Subtelties and soft heates of a Harlot.

DEM. good Sir, mistake her not.

ANT. a Witch, a Sorcerer!—
I tell thee but the truth, and heare, Demetrius!—

which hath so dealt vpon thy Blood with Charmes,
 diuillish and darck ; so lock'd vp all thy vertues ;
 so pluckt thee back from what thou sproongst from,
 glorious—

DEM. oh, heaven, that any tongue but his durst say
 this !

that any hart durst harbo' it ! Dread father,
 if for the Inocent the Gods allow vs
 to bend our knees—

ANT. away ! thou art be-witchd still ;
 though she be dead, her power still lives vpon thee.

DEM. dead ! oh, sacred Sir ! dead, did you say ?

ANT. She is dead, foole.

DEM. It is not possible ! Be not so angrie.
 say She is falne vnder your sad displeasure,
 or any thing but dead. Say she is banished ;
 Invent a Crime, and I'll beleeeve it, Sir.

ANT. Dead by the Law : we found her Hell, and her ;
 I meane her Charmes and Spells, for which she perishd.
 and she confest she drew thee to thy Ruyne ;
 and purposd it, purposd my Empires overthrowe.

DEM. but is she dead ? was there no pittie, Sir ?
 if her youth erd, was there no mercy showd her ?
 Did ye looke on her Face when ye condempnd her ?

ANT. I look'd vpon her hart, and there she was
 hideous.

DEM. Can she be dead ? Can Vertue fall vntimely ?

ANT. she is dead ; deservingly she died.

DEM. I haue don then.—

oh matchles Sweetnes, whether art thou vanishd ?
 oh, thou faire Soule of all thy Sex, what Paradize
 hast thou enrichd and blesd ?—I am your Son, Sir,
 and to all you shall com~aund, stand most obedient :
 onely a litle time I must entreate you,

to studdy to forget her ; 'twill not be long, Sir,
nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia ?
dead, my poore wench ? my Joy pluckd greene wth
violence ?

oh, faire sweete Flower, farewell ! Come, thou Destroyer,
Sorrow, thou melter of the Soule, dwell with me !
Dwell with me, solitary Thoughtes, Teares, Cryings !
nothing, that loves the day, love me, or seeke me !
nothing, that loves his owne life, haunt about me !
and, Loue, I charge thee, never charme mine eies more,
nor nere betray a Beautie to my Curses :
for I shall curse all now, hate all, for-sweare all,
and all the Broode of fruitfull Nature vex at ;
for she is gon that was all, and I nothing ! [Exit.

ANT. this opinion must be maintaind.

MIN. It shalbe, Sir.

ANT. Let him goe ; I can at mine owne pleasure
draw him to th' right againe. Wayt you Instructions ;
and see the Soldiers paid, Leontius.
once more, ye are wellcom home all !

ALL. Health to your highnes ! [Ex^t Ant., &c.

LEO. Thou went'st along the Jorney ; how canst thou
tell ?

HOST. I did ; but I am sure 'tis soe : had I stay'd
behind,

I thinck this had not proved.

LEO. a Wench the reason ?

LEIU. who's that talkes of a Wench there ?

LEO. all this discontent
about a Wench ?

LEIU. where is this Wench, good Corronall ?

LEO. pree thee, hold thy peace ! who calls thee to
Councell ?

LEIU. why, if there be a Wench—

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

LEO. 'tis fit thou know her,
that I'll say for thee ; and as fitt thou art for her,
let her be mewd or stopd. How is it, Gentlemen ?

GENT. he's wondrous discontent ; Will speake to no
man :

hath taken his Chamber close, admitts no entrance ;
Teares in his Eies, and Cryings out.

HOST. 'tis so, Sir.

and now I wish myself half hang'd ere I went this Jorney.

LEO. what is this woman ?

LEIU. I !

HOST. I cannot tell ye,
but handsome as heaven.

LEIU. she's not so high, I hope, Sir.

LEO. where is she ?

LEIU. I, that would be knowne.

LEO. why, Sirha—

HOST. I cannot show ye neither ;
the King hath now disposd of her.

LEO. there lies the matter.
will he admit none come to Comfort him ?

GENT. not any neere, nor, let 'em knock their harts
out,

'will never speake.

LEIU. 'tis the best way, if he have her ;
for, looke you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's
pastime ;

'tis every good man's Case.

LEO. 'tis all thy life.—

we must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it ;
for, when theis tender Soules meete deepe afflictions,
they are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,

but drop away as snow doth from a mountaine,
and, in the Torrent of their owne Sighes, sinck themselves.
I will, and must speake to him.

LEIU. so must I too :
he promised me a Charge.

LEO. of what ? of Children ?
vpon my conscience, thou hast a doble Companie,
and all of thine owne begetting, already.

LEIU. thats all one ;
I'll raise 'em to a Regiment, and there comãund 'em :
when they turne disobedient, vnbegett 'em,
knock 'em o' th' head, and put in new.

LEO. a rare way !
but, for all this, thou art not valiant enough
to dare to see the Prince now ?

LEIU. doe ye thinck he's angrie ?

1 GENT. extreemely vex'd.

2 GENT. to the endangering any man comes neere him.

1 GENT. yet, if thou couldst but wyn him out, what
e're thy Suit were,
beleeve it graunted presently.

LEO. yet you must thinck, though,
that in the doing he may breake vpon ye ;
and—

LEIU. if he doe not kill me—

LEO. there's the question.

LEIU. for half a dozen hurts—

LEO. art thou so valiant ?

LEIU. not absolutely so, neither :—no it cannot be ;
I want my Imposthumes, and my things about me ;
yet, I'll make danger, Corronall.

LEO. 'twilbe rare sport,
how 'ere it take. give me thy hand ! yf thou dost this,
I'll raise thee vp a horse Troope, take my Word for't.

LEIU. what may be done by humane man—

LEO. let's goe then.

GENT. away, before he coole ; he will reneage els.
[Exeunt.

Sce^a. 3^a. Enter Antigonus, Mmippus, and Leucippe.

ANT. Will she not yield ?

LEUC. for all we can vrge to her.

I swore you would marry her ; She laughd xtremcly,
and then she rayl'd like Thunder.

ANT. Call in the Magitian !

Enter a Magitian wth a Bowle in his hand.

I must and will obtaine her ; I am ashes els.
Are all the Philters in ? Charmes, Powders, Rootes ?

MAG. they are all in ; and now I onely stay
the Invocation of some helping Spirits.

ANT. to your work then, and dispatch.

MAG. Sit still, and feare not.

LEUC. I shall neuer endure theis sightes.

ANT. away with the Woman !
goe, wayt without.

LEUC. when the Devill's gon, pray call me.

ANT. be sure you make it powerfull enough.

MAG. pray doubt not.

He seemes to coniure ; sweete Musiqe is heard, and an Antick
of litle Fayeries enter and dance about y^e Bowle and fling in
things, and Ex^t.

now, Sir, 'tis full ; and whosoever drincks this
shall violently doate vpon your Person,
and never sleepe nor eate, vnsatisfied.

So many houres 'twill work, and work with violence ;
and, those expird, 'tis don. You haue my art, Sir.

ANT. see him rewarded liberally.—Leucippe !

here, take this Bowle, and when she calls for wine next,
be sure you give her this, and see her drinck it.
delay no time when she calls next !

LEUC. I shall, Sir.

ANT. let none els touch it, on your life.

LEUC. I am chargd, Sir.

ANT. Now, if she have an antidote, let her scape me.
[Ex^t.

Sce^a 4^a. Enter Leontius, Gent., and Leiutenant.

GENT. There's the Doore, Leiutenant, if ye dare doe
any thing.

LEO. heer's no man waytes.

GENT. has giuen a charge that none shall,
nor none shall come with in the hearing of him.
dare ye goe forward ?

LEIU. Let me put on my Skull first :
my head's almost beaten into th' pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i' th' dore ?

LEO. the Rogue will doe it :
and yet I know he has no stomach to't.

LEIU. What Loope holes are there, when I knock, for
Stones ?

for those may pepper me :—I can perceive none.

LEO. how he viewes the Fortification !

LEIU. farewell, Gentlemen !
if I be killd—

LEO. wee'll see thee buried bravely.

LEIU. how should I know that then ?—I'll knock
softly.

'pray heaven he speake in a low voice now, to comfort me :
I feele I haue no hart to't.—Is't well, Gentlemen ?

Corronall, my Troope !

LEO. a litle lowder.

LEIU. stay, stay :
here is a windowe ; I will see ; stand wide.
beware, he's charging of a Gun !

LEO. ther's no such matter :
there's no body in this Roome.

LEIU. oh, 'twas a Fire shovell.
now I'll knock lowder. yf he say, " who's there ?"
as sure he has so much manners, then will I answear
so finely and demurely. My Troope, Coronall !

GENT. knock lowder, Foole ! he heares not.

LEIU. you Foole, doe soe :
Doe, if ye dare now.

GENT. I doe not vndertake it.

LEIU. then hold your peace, and medle with your
owne matters.

LEO. now he will knock.

LEIU. Sir, Sir ! wil't please you heare, Sir ?
your Grace !—I'll looke againe. what's that ?

LEO. he's there now.

Lord ! how he stares ! I ne're yet saw him thus
alterd.

stand now, and take the Troope.

LEIU. 'would I were in't,
and a good horse vnder me !—I must knock againe ;
the devill's at my fingers' ends. He comes now.
now, Corronall, if I live—

Enter Demetrius wth a Pistoll.

LEO. The Troope's thine owne, Boy.

DEM. what desperate Foole, ambitious of his Ruine—

LEIU. your Father would desire ye, Sir, to come to
dinner.

DEM. thou art no more.

LEIU. now, now, now, now !

[he swounds.

DEM. poore Coxcomb !
 why doe I ayme at thee ? [Exit Dem.
 LEO. his feare has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe.

alas he's almost stiff: bend him, and rub him !

GENT. hold his nose close !—You, if you be a woman,
 help vs a litle ! heere's a man neere perishd.

LEU. alas, alas, I have nothing here about me !
 looke to my Bowle ! I'll run in presently,
 and fetch some waters. Bend him, and set him up-
 wards.

a goodly man ! [Exit.

LEO. heere's a brave hart ! he's warme againe. you
 shall not
 leave vs i' th' lurch so, Sirha !

GENT. now he breathes too.
 yf we had but any Drinck to raise his Spirits—

LEO. what's that i' th' Bowle ? vpon my life, good
 Liquor ;
 she would not owne it els.

GENT. he sees.

LEO. Looke vp, Boy ;
 and take this Cup, and drinck it off ; I'll pledge thee.
 guid it to his mouth. he swallowes hartely.

GENT. oh, feare and Sorrow's drie : 'tis off.

LEO. stand vp, man.

LEIU. am I not shott ?

LEO. away with him, and cheere him.
 Thou hast won the Troope.

LEIU. I thinck I won it bravely.

LEO. Goe ; I must see the Prince ; he must not live
 thus ;
 and let me heare an hower hence from ye.

Enter Leucippe.

GENT. well, Sir——

[Ex^t.

LEU. here, here ! wher's the sick Gentleman ?

LEO. he's vp and gon, Lady.

LEU. alas, that I came so late !

LEO. he must still thanck ye ;
ye left that in the Cup here did him comfort.

LEU. that in the Bowle ?

LEO. yes, truely, very much comfort ;
he dranck it off, and after that spoke lustely.

LEU. did he drinck it all ?

LEO. all off.

LEU. the devill choak him !

I am vndon ! h'as twenty Devills in him.—
vndon for ever !—Left he none ?

LEO. I thinck not.

LEU. noe, not a dropp. What shall becom of me now ?
had he no where els to swownd ?—a vengeance swownd
him !

vndon, vndon, vndon !—Stay, I can lye yet,
and sweare too, at a pinch ; that's all my comfort :
looke to him ; I say looke to him, and but marke what
followes.

Enter Demetrius.

LEO. what a devill ayles the woman ? here comes the
Prince againe,
with such a Sadnes on his face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herself, but poorely mytates.
Sorrow of Sorrowes on that hart that causd it !

DEM. Whie might she not be false and treacherous
to me,
and found so by my Father ? She was a woman ;
and many a one of that Sex, yong and faire,
as full of faith as she, have falne, and fowly.

LEO. It is a wench. oh that I knew the Circumstance !

DEM. why might not, to preserve me from this Ruine,
She having lost her Honor, and abusd me,
my Father change the formes o' th' Crimes, and execute
his anger on a fault she nere committed,
onely to keepe me saffe ? why should I thinck soe ?
She never was to me, but all Obedience,
Sweetnes and Love.

LEO. how hartely he weepes now !
I have not wept theis thirty yeares and vpwards ;
but now, if I should be hangd I cannot hold from it :
it greives me to the hart.

DEM. who's that that mocks me ?

LEO. shame light on him that mocks ye ! I greive
hartely,
truely and hartely, to see you thus, Sir :
and, if it lay in my power, Gods are my witnes,
who 'ere he be that tooke your sweete Peace from ye,
I am not so old yet, nor want I sprit—

DEM. no more of that ; no more, Leontius :
Revenge is the Gods' ; our part is Sufferance !
farewell ! I shall not see thee long.

LEO. for heaven sake,
tell me the cause ! I know there is a woman in't.
Doe you hold me faithfull ? dare ye trust your Soldier ?
sweet Prince, the Cause ?

DEM. I must not, dare not tell it ;
and, as thou art an honest man, enquire not.

LEO. will ye be merry then ?

DEM. I am wondrous merry.

LEO. 'tis wondrous well. You thinck now this becoms ye :
fye on't ! it doth not, Sir ; it shoves not handsomely.
yf I were thus, you would sweare I were an asse straight,
a wooden asse ! whyne for a wench !

DEM. pre' thee leave me.

LEO. I will not leave ye. For a Tit!

DEM. Leontius!

LEO. for that you may have any where for six pence!
and a deere penney worth too.

DEM. nay, then you are troublesome.

LEO. not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, Sir.
was that brave hart made to pant for a Placket,
and now i' th' Dog daies too, when nothing dare love?
that noble mind, to melt away and mowlder
for a hay nonney nonney? 'would I had a Glasse here,
to show you what a pretty Toy ye are turn'd to.

DEM. my wretched fortune!

LEO. will ye but let me know her?

I'll once turne Bawd: goe too, they are good mens offices,
and not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
and if she be aboue ground, and a woman,
I ask no more! Ill bring her on my back, Sir;
by this hand I will—and I had as leif bring the devill—
I care not who she be, nor where I haue her—
and in your Armes, or the next Bed, deliuer her,
which you thinck fittest: and, when you haue daunced
yo^r Galliard—

DEM. away, and Foole to them are so affected!—
oh, thou art gon, and all my Comfort with thee!—
wilt thou doe one thing for me?

LEO. all things i' th' world, Sir,
and of all dangers.

DEM. sweare!

LEO. I will, by heaven.

DEM. Come neere me no more, then.

LEO. how?

DEM. Come no more neere me:
Thou art a hart-sore to me.

[Exit.

LEO. give ye good even, Sir '
if you be sufferd thus, we shall have fine sport. —
I will be sorer yet.

Enter Gent.

GENT. how now ? how dos he ?

LEO. nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any man els
that hath his nineteene witts. he has the Bots, I thinck ;
he grones, and wrings, and kicks.

GENT. will he speake yet ?

LEO. not willingly :
shortly, he will not see a man. if ever
I lookd vpon a Prince so metamorphisd,
so Juggelld into I know not what, shame take me '
this 'tis to be in Love.

GENT. is that the cause on't ?

LEO. what is it not the cause of, but Beare-baytings ?
and yet it stincks much like it. Out vpon't '
What Giants and what Dwarfes, what Owles and Apes,
what Doggs and Cattes it makes vs ' Men that are pos-
sessd with't,
live as they had a Legion of Devills in 'em,
and every Devill of a severall nature ;
nothing but heigh-passe, re-passe. wher's the Lieutenant ?
has he gatherd vp the ends on's witts againe ?

GENT. he is alive : But, you that talke of wonders,
show me but such a wonder as he is now.

LEO. why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.

GENT. he is now most wonderfull : a blazer now, Sir.

LEO. what ayles the Foole ? and what Star raignes
now, (Gent.)

we have such prodigies ?

GENT. 'twill passe your heaven-hunters.
He talkes now of the King, no other Language,

and with the King, as he imagines, howerly.

Courts the King, drincks to the King, dies for the King,
 Buys all the Pictures of the King, weares the King's
 Colours.

LEO. dos he not lye i' th' King's streete too?

GENT. he's going thether.

makes praires for the King in sondry Languages,

Turnes all his Proclamations into Meeter;

Is really in love with' King most doatingly,

and swears Adonis was a devill to him,

a sweet King, a most comely King, and such a King—

2 GENT. then downe on's maro-bones; "oh, excellent
 King,"

thus he begins, "thou light and life of Creatures,

Angell-ey'd King, vouchsafe a wight thy Favor;"—

and so proceeds to Inscision. what thinck ye of this
 Fellow?

1 GENT. will as familiarily kisse the Kings horses
 as they passe by him—ready to ravish his Footman.

LEO. why this is above ela!

but how comes this?

2 GENT. nay, that's to vnderstand yet;

but thus it is, and this part but the poorest.

'twould make a man leape over the Moone to see him
 act this.

1 GENT. will sigh as thou his hart would breake;
 and Cry

like a breechd Boy; Not eate a Bit.

LEO. I must goe see him presently;

for this is such a Jigg—for certaine, Gentlemen,
 the Feend rides on a Fiddle stick.

GENT. I thinck soe.

LEO. Can ye guid me to him? for half an howre I
 am his,

to see the miracle.

GENT. we sure shall start him..

[Exeunt.

See^a 5^a. Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.

ANT. are you sure she dranck it ?

LEUC. now must I lye most confidently.—
yes, Sir, she has drunck it of.

ANT. how workes it with her ?

LEUC. I see no alteration yet.

ANT. there wilbe ;
for he is the greatest Artist living made it.
where is she now ?

LEUC. she is ready to walk out, Sir.

ANT. Stark mad, I know, she will be.

LEUC. so I hope, Sir.

ANT. She knowes not of the Prince ?

LEUC. of no man living.

ANT. how doe I looke ? how doe my clothes becom
me ?

I am not very gray.

LEUC. a very youth, Sir :
vpon my Maidenhead, as smug as Aprill.
Gods blesse that sweet face ! 'twill vndoe a thousand :
many a soft hart must sobb yet, 'ere that wither.
your Grace can give content enough.

ANT. I thinck soe.

Enter Celia wth a Booke in her hand.

LEUC. here she comes, Sir.

ANT. how shall I keepe her off me ?
Goe, and perfume the Roome ; make all things ready.
CEL. noe hope yet of the Prince ! no Comfort of him !
They keepe me mowd vp here, as they mew mad folkes,
no Companie but my Afflictions.—

This Roiall Devill againe ! strange how he haunts me !
 how like a poysond Potion his eies affright me !
 has made himself handsom too.

ANT. Doe you looke now, Lady ?
 you will leape anon.

CEL. Curld and perfum'd ! I smell him.
 he lookes on's Leggs too : sure he will cutt a Caper.
 god-a-mercy, deere December !

ANT. oh, doe you smile now ?
 I knew it would work with ye.—Come hether pretty one.

CEL. Sir !

ANT. I like those Curtsies well. Come heather, and
 kisse me.

CEL. I am reading, Sir, of a short Treatise here,
 that's call'd the Vanitie of Lust : hath your Grace seene it ?
 He saies here, that an old man's loose desire
 is like the Glow-wormes light the Apes so wonderd at ;
 which, when they gatherd Sticks and layd vpon't,
 and blew, and blew, turnd tayle, and went out presently.
 And, in an other place, he calls their loves
 faynt smells of dying flowers, Carry no Comforts ;
 their doatings, stincking Foggs ; so thick and muddy,
 Reason, with all his braines, cannot beat through.

ANT. hows this ? is this the Potion ?—you but Foole
 still !

I know you love me.

CEL. as ye are iust and honest,
 I know I love and hono^r ye ; admire ye.

ANT. this works against me, fearefully against me.

CEL. But, as you bring your Power to persecute me,
 your Traps to catch mine Innocence, to robb me,
 as you lay out your Lust to over whelme me,
 Hell never hated good as I hate you, Sir :
 and I dare tell it to your Face. What Glory,

now, after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
 the ever living Memories raisd to ye,
 can my defeat be ? my poore wrack, what Triumph ?
 And, when you Crowne your swelling 'Cupps to Fortune,
 what honourable Tongue can sing my Storie ?
 Be as your Embleame is, a glorious Lamp
 sett on the top of all, to light all perfectly :
 Be as your Office is, a god-like Justice,
 into all shedding equally your vertues !

ANT. She has drenchd me now ; now I admire her
 Goodnes !

so yong, so nobely strong, I never tasted.
 Can nothing in the powre of Kings perswade ye ?

CEL. noe, nor that Power comãund me.

ANT. say I should Force ye ?
 I haue yt in my Will.

CEL. your Will's a poore one ;
 and, though it be a King's Will, a dispisd one ;
 weaker then Infant's cries, your Sin's in swadling clowts.
 a thousand wayes my Will has found to check ye ;
 a thousand dores to scape ye. I dare dye, Sir ;
 as sodainely I dare dye, as you offer.
 Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravishd me,
 performd your Lust, what had you purchasd by it ?
 what Hono^r won ? Doe you know who dwells aboue, Sir,
 and what they haue prepar'd for men turn'd devills ?
 Did you neuer heare their Thunder ? start and tremble,
 Death sitts vpon our Blood ; when theire fires visit vs,
 will nothing wring you then, do you thinck ? sit hard
 here ?

and like a Snake curle round about your Conscience,
 bighting and stinging ? will not you rore too late then ?
 Then, when you shake in horror of this villany,
 then will I rise a Star in heaven, and scorne ye !

ANT. Lust, how I hate thee now, and Love this
Sweetnes ! .

will ye be my Queene ? Can that Price purchase ye ?

CEL. not all the world. I am a Queene already,
Crownd by his Love, I must not loose for Fortune :
I can give none away, Sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no Love, am not mine owne Excheaquer ;
for in an others hart my Hope and Peace lies.

ANT. your faire hands, Lady ! for yet I am not pure
enough

to touch those lipps. In that sweet Peace ye spoke of,
live now for ever, and I to serve your vertues !

CEL. Why, now ye show a God ! now I kneele to ye !
this sacrificize of virgin's Joy send to ye !
thus I hold vp my hands to heaven that touchd ye,
and pray eternall Blessings dwell about ye !

ANT. Vertue commaunds the Starrs.—Rise, more
then Vertue !

your present Comfort shalbe now my Busynes.

CEL. all my obedient Service wayt vpon ye. [Exeunt.

See* 6*. Enter Leontius, Leiutenant, and Gent.

LEO. hast thou cleane forgot the Warrs ?

LEIU. pree thee hold thy peace.

I GENT. his mind's much elevated now.

LEO. it seemes soe.

Sirha !

LEIU. I am so troubled with this Fellow !

LEO. he will call me Roague anon.

I GENT. 'tis ten to one els.

LEIU. oh, King, that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how
I lovd thee !

and where, oh, King, I barrell vp thy Beutie !

LEO. he cannot leave his Sutlers Trade : he woos in't.

LEIU. oh, sweet King!

LEO. by thy leave—

LEIU. when I consider,—
my honest Frend, you are a htle.sawcey.

GENT. I told you, you would have it.

LEIU. when mine owne worth—

LEO. is floong into the Ballance, and found nothing.

LEIU. and yet a Soldier—

LEO. and yet a scurvy one.

LEIU. one that has followed thee—

LEO. faire and farr off.

LEIU. fought for thy Grace.—

LEO. 'twas for your Greif: you lye, sirha!

LEIU. he's the Son of a Whore demes this! will that
satisfie ye?

LEO. yes, verie well.

LEIU. shall then that thing that honours thee—
how miserable a Thing soever, yet a Thing still;
and though a Thng of nothing, thy Thng ever—

LEO. here's a new Thing.

GENT. he's in a deepe dump now.

LEO. I'll fetch him out on't.—When's the King's
Birth day, Gent.?

LEIU. when ere it be, that day I'll dye with Ringing:
and there's the resolution of a Lover! [Exit.

LEO. A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,
he is be-witchd, or moap'd, or his Braines are melted.
Could he find nobody to fall in love with but the King,
the good old King? to doate vpon him too!
Stay! now I remember what the Fat Woman warnd
me;

bid me remember, and looke to him too.

I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He is coniurd:
Goe after him; I pittty the poore Rascall:

In the meane time, I'll wayt occasion
to work vpon the Prince.

GENT. pray doe that seriously.

[Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Sce^a pri^a. Enter Antigonus, Minippus, Gent.

GENT. He's very ill.

ANT. I am very sorry for't ;
and much ashamd I haue wrongd her Innocence.
Minippus, Guid her to the Princes Lodgings ;
there leave her to his Love againe.

MIN. I am glad, Sir.

GENT. he will speake to none.

ANT. oh, I shall breake that silence.
be quick ! take faire attendants.

MIN. yes, Sir, presently. [Exit.

ANT. he will find his tongue, I warrant ye ; his health
too :

I send a phisick will not faile.

GENT. faire work it !

ANT. we heare the Princes meane to visit vs,
in vow of Truyce.

GENT. 'tis thought soe.

ANT. Come ; Let's in then,
and thinck vpon the noblest waies to meet 'em. [Ex^t.

Sce^a 2^a. Enter Leontius.

LEO. There is no way now to get in ; All the lights
stopd too ;
nor can I heare a sound of him. pray heaven,
he use no violence ! I thinck he has more Soule,

stronger, and I hope nobler. Would I could but see once
this Beuty he grones vnder, or come to know

Enter Celia, Minippus, &c.

but any Circumstance.—What noyce is that there ?
I thinck I heard him grone. here are some com̃ing ;
a Woman too ; I'll stand a-loofe, and view 'em.

CEL. well, some of ye have byn too blame in this
point,
but I forgive ye. The King might have pickt out too
some fitter woman to haue tryde his Valo^r.

MIN. 'twas all to the best meant, Lady.

CEL. I must thinck soe ;
for how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me ?
GENT. he's, Madam ; and the ioy to see you onely
will draw him out.

LEO. I know that Woman's tongue ;
I thinck I haue seene her Face too : I'll goe neerer.
if this be She, he has some cause of sorrow.
'tis the same Face ; the same most excellent woman !

CEL. this should be Lord Leontius : I remember him.

LEO. Lady, I thinck ye know me.

CEL. speak soft, good Soldier !
I doe, and know ye worthie, know ye noble :
Doe not know me yet openly, as ye love me ;
but let me see ye againe ; I'll satisfie ye.
I am wondrous glad to see those eies.

LEO. you haue chargd me.

CEL. you shall know where I am.

LEO. I will not off yet :
She goes to knock at's dore. This must be she
the Fellow told me of ; right glad I am on't.
he will bolt now for certaine.

CEL. Are ye within, Sir?—

I'll trouble you no more ; I thanck your Curtesie ;
'pray, leave me now.

MIN. wee rest your humble Servants ! [Ex^t.

CEL. Soe, now my Geyves are off. pray heaven he be
here !

Master ! my Roiall Sir ! doe you heare who calls ye ?
Love ! my Demetrius !

LEO. theis are pretty Quail pipes ;
the Cock will come anon.

CEL. Can ye be drowzie,
when I call at your window ?

LEO. I heare him stirring :
now he comes wondring out.

Enter Demetrius.

DEM. 'tis Celia's sound, sure !
the sweetnes of that Tongue drawes all harts to it.
there stands the Shape too !

LEO. how he stares vpon her !

DEM. ha ! doe mine eies abuse me ?
'tis She, the Living Celia !—your hand, Lady !

CEL. what should this meane ?

DEM. the very self same Celia—

CEL. how doe you, Sir ?

DEM. onely turn'd brave.

I heard you were dead, my deere One. Compleate !
She is wondrous brave ; a wondrous Courtier !

CEL. how he suruaies me round ! here has byn fowle
play.

DEM. how came she thus ?

CEL. it was a kind of Death, Sir,
I sufferd in your absence mew'd vp here,
and kept conceald I know not how.

DEM. 'tis likely.

how came you heather, Celia? wondrous gallant!
did my Father send for ye?

CEL. soe they told me, Sir,
and on Com~aund too.

DEM. I hope you were obedient?

CEL. I was soe ever.

DEM. and ye were bravely vsed?

CEL. I wanted nothing.—
my maidenhead to a moate i' th' Sun, he's iealous;
I must now play the Knave with him, to die for't;
'tis in my nature.

DEM. her verie Eies are alterd!
Jewells, and rich ones too, I never saw yet—
and what were those came for ye?

CEL. monstrous iealous:
have I livd at the rate of theis scorn'd Questions?—
They seem'd of good sort, Gentlemen.

DEM. Kind men?

CEL. they were wondrous kind; I was much behold-
ing to 'em.

There was one Minippus, Sir.

DEM. ha?

CEL. one Minippus;
a notable merry Lord, and a good Companion.

DEM. and one Carinthus too?

CEL. yes, there was such a one.

DEM. and Timon?

CEL. 'tis most true.

DEM. and thou most treacherous!
my Fathers Bawdes, by heaven! they neuer misse Course.
and were theis daylie with ye?

CEL. every hower, Sir.

DEM. and was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?

CEL. oh, yes; a notable good wench.

DEM. the devill fetch her !

CEL. 'tis even the merriest wench—

DEM. did she keep with ye too ?

CEL. she was all in all ; my Bedfellow, eate with me,
brought me acquainted.

DEM. you are well knowne here then ?

CEL. there is no living here a stranger, I thinck.

DEM. how came ye by this brave Crowne ?

CEL. this is a poore one :

alas, I have twenty richer. Doe you see theis Jewells ?
why, they are the poorest things, to those are sent me,
and sent me howrely too !

DEM. is there no modestie,
no Faith, in this faire Sex ?

LEO. what will this prove to ?
for yet, with all my Witts, I vnderstand not.

DEM. Come heather ! Thou art dead indeed, lost,
taynted !

all that I left thee, faire and Inocent,
sweet as thy youth, and Carrying Comfort in't ;
all that I hopd for vertuous, is fledd from thee,
turnd black and banckrupt !

LEO. by'r lady, this Cutts shrewdly.

DEM. Thou art dead, for ever dead ! Sin's surfeyt
slew thee ;

the ambition of those wanton eies betray'd thee.
Goe from me, Grave of Hono^r ! Goe, thou foule one,
Thou glory of thy Sin ! Goe, thou despisd one !
and, where there is no Vertue, nor no Virgin ;
where Chastetie was never knowne nor heard of ;
where nothing raignes but Falsehood and loose Faces ;
Goe thether, Child of Blood, and sing my doating !

CEL. you do not speake this seriously, I hope, Sir :
I did but iest with you.

DEM. Looke not vpon me!
there is more hell in those Eies then Hell harbours;
and, when they flame, more Torments!

CEL. dare you trust me?
you durst once, even with all you had, your Love, Sir.
by this faire Light, I am honest.

DEM. thou subtle Circes,
Cast not vpon the mayden Light ecclipzes;
Cursse not the day!

CEL. Come, Come, you shall not doe this.
how fayne you would seeme angrie now, to fright me!
you are not in the Feild amongst yo^r Enemies.
Come, I must coole this Courage.

DEM. Out, thou Impudence,
thou vlcer of thy Sex! when I first saw thee,
I drew into mine Eies mine owne distruction,
I pull'd into my hart that sodaine Poyson,
that now consumes my deere Content to Cindars.
I am not now Demetrius; thou hast changd me:
Thou, Woman, with thy thousand waies, hast changd me;
Thou, Serpent, with thy angell eies, hast slayne me!
and where, before I touch'd on this faire Ruine,
I was a man, and Reason made and moved me,
now one great Lump of Greif I grow and wander.

CEL. and, as you are noble, doe you thinck I did this?

DEM. put all thy Devills wings on, and fly from me!

CEL. I will goe from ye, never more to see ye;
I will fly from ye, as a plague hangs o're me;
and, through the progresse of my life hereafter,
where ever I shall find a Foole, a Falce man,
one that nere knew the worth of polishd Vertue,
a base suspecter of a Virgin's Hono^r,
a child that flings away the wealth he cride for,
Him will I call Demetrius; that Foole, Demetrius,

that mad man, a Demetrius ; and that Falce man,
 the Prince of broken Faithes, even Prince Demetrius !
 you thinck now I should Cry and kneele downe to ye,
 petition for my peace ; Let those that feele here
 the waight of Evill, wayt for such a Favo^r :
 I am aboue your hate, as far aboue it,
 in all the actions of an Inocent life,
 as the pure Starrs are from the muddy Meteors.
 Cry, when you know your Folly ; howle and curse then,
 Beat that vnmanly brest, that holds a falce hart ;
 when ye shall come to know whom ye have floong from ye.

DEM. pray ye stay a litle.

CEL. not your hopes can alter me !
 Then, let a thousand black Thoughts muster in ye,
 and with those enter in a thousand Doatings ;
 Those Eies be never shutt, but drop to nothing ;
 mine Inocence for ever haunt and fright ye ;
 those Armes togeather grow in Folds ; that Tongue,
 that bold bad Tongue, that barkes out theis disgraces,
 when you shall come to know how nobely vertuous
 I have preservd my life, Rott, rott within ye !

DEM. what shall I doe ?

CEL. live a lost man for ever !
 Goe, aske your Father's Conscience what I suffer'd,
 and in what Seas of hazards I sayld through ;
 mine hono^r still advaunced in spight of Tempests ;
 then, take your leave of Love, and Confesse freely
 you were never worthie of this Hart that serud ye :
 and soe farewell, Ingratefull. [Exit.

DEM. is she gon ?

Enter Antigonus.

LEO. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter. [Exit.

ANT. are ye pleasd now ? haue ye got your Hart againe ?

haue I restord ye that ?

DEM. Sir, even for heaven sake,
and sacred Truth sake, tell me how ye found her ?

ANT. I will, and in few words. Before I tryde
her,

'tis true I thought her most vnfit your Fellowship,
and fear'd her too ; which Feare begot that Story
I told ye first : but since, like gold I touchd her—

DEM. and how, deere Sir—

ANT. Heaven's holy Light's not purer.
The constancie and Goodnes of all Women,
that ever liv'd to wynn the names of worthie,
this noble maid has doubled in her Hono^r.
all promises of wealth, all art to wynn her,
and by all Tongues imploud, wrought as much on her
as one may doe vpon the Sun at noone day
by lighting Candles vp. Her Shape is heavenly,
and, to that heavenly Shape, her Thoughtes are An-
gells.

DEM. why did you tell me, Sir—

ANT. tis true I errd in't :

But, since I made a full proof of her Vertue,
I find a King too poore a Servant for her.
Love her, and hono^r her ; in all observe her.
She must be something more then Time yet tells her ;
and certaine I beleeeve him blest enoyes her.
I would not loose the hope of such a Daughter,
to add an other Empire to mine Hono^r. [Exit.

DEM. oh, wretched State ! to what end shall I turne
me ?

and where begin my Pennance ? Now, what Service
will wynn her Love againe ? My Death must doe it :
and if that Sacrifize can purge my Follies,
be pleasd, oh, mightie Love ! I dy thy Servant ! [Exit.

Sce^a 3^a. Enter Leontius and Celia.

LEO. I know he doth not deserve ye ; h'as vsd ye
poorely :
and to redeeme himself—

CEL. Redeeme !

LEO. I know it—
theres no way left.

CEL. for heaven sake, doe not name him,
doe not thinck on him, Sir ; he's so far from me
in all my thoughtes now, me thincks I never knew him.

LEO. but yet I would see him againe.

CEL. noe, never, never.

LEO. I doe not meane to lend him any Comfort,
but to afflict him ; so to torture him,
that even his verry soule may shake within him ;
to make him know, though he be great and powerfull,
'tis not within his ayme to deale dishonourably,
and carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.

CEL. I must confes, I could most spightfully afflict
him ;
now, now, I could whett my Anger at him ;
now, and with bitternes, I could shoote through him :
I long to vex him !

LEO. and doe it home, and bravely.

CEL. were I a man—

LEO. I'll help that weakenes in ye :
I hono^r ye, and serve ye.

CEL. not onely to disclaime me,
when he had seal'd his Vowes in heaven, sworne to me,
and poore beleeving I became his servant ;
but, most malitiously, to brand my Creadit,
stayne my pure name !

LEO. I would not suffer it.

See him I would againe ; and, to his teeth too,
 's 'pretious ! I would ring him such a Lesson—

CEL. I haue don that alreadie.

LEO. nothing, nothing ;
 it was too poore a purge. Besides, by this time
 he has found his fault, and feeles the hells that followes it.
 that, and your urgd on Anger to the highest—
 why, 'twill be such a stroake—

CEL. say, he repent then,
 and seeke with Teares to soften ? I am a woman,
 a woman that haue lovd him, Sir, haue honord him ;
 I am no more.

LEO. why you may deale thereafter.

CEL. if I forgive him, I am lost.

LEO. hold there then ;
 the sport will be, to what a poore Submission—
 but keepe you strong.

CEL. I would not see him.

LEO. yes ;
 you shall ring his knell.

CEL. how if I kill him ?

LEO. kill him ? why let him die.

CEL. I know 'tis fit soe :
 but why should I, that lovd him once, destroy him ?
 oh, had he scapd this Sin, what a brave Gentleman—

LEO. I must confes, had this not falne, a nobeler,
 a handsomer, the whole world had not show'd ye :
 and, to his making, such a mind—

CEL. 'tis certain :
 but all theis I must now forgett.

LEO. you shall not,
 if I have any Art.—Goe vp, sweet Lady,
 and trust my truth.

CEL. but, good Sir, bring him not.

LEO. I would not for the hono^r ye are borne to,
but you should see him, and neglect him too, and scorne
him.

CEL. you will be neere me then ?

LEO. I will be with ye.—

yet there's some hope to stop this gap ; I'll work hard.
[Ex^t.

Sce^a 4^a. Enter Antigonus, Gent., Leiu^ten^t, &c.

ANT. But is it possible this Fellow tooke it ?

GENT. it seemes soe, by the violence it wrought with ;
yet now the Fitt's even off.

MIN. I beseech your Grace—

ANT. nay, I forgive thy wiffe with all my hart,
and am right glad she dranck it not herself,
and more glad that the Vertuous Maid escap'd it ;
I would not for the world 't had hit : But that this
Soldier,

(lord, how he lookes !) that he should take this vomit !
Can he make Rimes too ?

GENT. has made a thousand, Sir,
and playes the burden to 'em on a Jewe's-Trump.

ANT. he lookes as though he were be-pissd.—Do you
love me, Sir ?

LEIU. yes, surely ; euen with all my hart.

ANT. I thanck ye ;

I am glad I have so good a Subiect. But, pray ye tell me,
how much did ye loue me before ye Dranck this matter ?

LEIU. even as much as a sober man might ; and a
Soldier

that your Grace owes yet half a yeare's Pay to.

ANT. well rememb'red.

and did I seeme so yong and amiable to ye ?

LEIU. me thought, you were the sweetest youth—

ANT. thats excellent !

LEIU. I truely, Sir; and ever as I thought on ye,
I wish'd and wish'd—

ANT. what didst thou wish, I pree thee?

LEIU. even that I had byn a wench of Fifteen for ye;
a handsom Wench, Sir.

ANT. why, I thanck thee, Soldier,
I seeme not soe now to thee?

LEIU. not all on't;
and yet I have a grudging to your Grace still.

ANT. thou wast never in Love before?

LEIU. not with a King,
nor I hope I shall never be againe. truely, Sir,
I have had such plundges, and such Bickrings,
and, as it were, such runings a-tilt with in me!
for, whatsoever it was provoaked me towards ye—

ANT. I thanck thee, still!

LEIU. I had it with a Vengeance;
it plaid his Prize.

ANT. I would not have byn a Wench then,
though of this Age.

LEIU. noe, sure, I should haue spoil'd ye.

ANT. well, goe thy waies. of all the Lusty lovers
That e're I saw—wilt haue an other Potion?

LEIU. yf you wilbe an other Thing, haue at ye.

ANT. giue me thy hand; from henceforth thou art my
Soldier,
doe bravely; I'll love thee as much.

LEIU. I thancke ye;
but, if you were mine Enemie, I would not wish it ye;
I beseech your Grace, pay me my Charge.

GENT. that's certaine, Sir;
h'as bought vp all that e're he found was like ye,
or any thing you haue lovd, that he could purchase;
old horses that your Grace has ridden blind, and founde'r'd;

doggs, rotten hawkes, and, which is more then all this,
has worne your Grace's Gauntlet in his Bonnet.

ANT. bring in your Bills; mine owne Love shalbe
satisfide;

and, Sirha, for this Potion you have taken,
I'll point you out a Portion you shall Live on.

MIN. 'twas the best Draught that e're you drunck.

LEIU. I hope soe.

ANT. are the Princes come to th' Court?

MIN. they are all, and lodged, Sir.

ANT. Come then, make ready for their Entertainement;
which presently wee'll give. wayt you on me, Sir.

LEIU. I shall love Drinck the better while I live, Boyes!
[Exeunt.

Scē 5^a. Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

DEM. Let me but see her, deere Leontius;
let me but dye before her!

LEO. 'would that would be it.
yf I knew where she lay now, with what honestie
(you having floong so mayne a mischeif on her,
and on so inocent and sweet a Beutie)
can I present your visitt?

DEM. I'll repent all,
and with the greatest sacrificize of Sorrow,
that ever Lover made.

LEO. 'twill be too late, Sir;
I know not what will becom of ye.

DEM. you can help me.

LEO. it may be, to her sight: what are you neerer?
she has sworne she will not speake to ye, looke vpon ye;
and, to love ye againe, oh, she cries out, and thunders,
she had rather Love——there is no hope.

DEM. yes, Leontius,

there is a hope ; which, though it draw **no** Love to it,
at least will draw her to lament **my** fortune ;
and that hope shall relevee me.

LEO. harck ye, Sir, harck ye !
say I should bring ye—

DEM. doe not trifle with me !

LEO. I will not trifle—both together bring ye—
you know the wrongs y' have don ?

DEM. I doe confes 'em.

LEO. and if you should then iump into your Fury,
and have an other Quirck in your head—

DEM. I'll dye first !

LEO. you must say nothing to her ; for 'tis certaine,
the nature of your Crime will admitt no excuse.

DEM. I will not speake ; mine eies shall tell my
Pennance.

LEO. you must looke wondrous sad too.

DEM. I need not looke soe ;
I am truely Sadnes self.

LEO. that looke will doe it.

Stay here ; I'll bring her to you instantly :
But take heed how ye beare yourself. Sit downe there ;
the more humble you are, the more she'll take Compassion.
Women are perlous things to deale vpon ! [Exit.

DEM. what shall becom of me ? to Cursse my fortune,
were but to cursse my Father ; that's too impious.
But, vnder whatsoever Fate I suffer,

Enter Leontius and Celia.

bleess, I beseech thee, heaven, her harmeles Goodnes !

LEO. now arme yourself.

CEL. you have not brought him ?

LEO. yes, 'faith.

and there he is : you see in what poore plight too.

now you may doe your will, kill him, or save him.

CEL. I will goe back.

LEO. I will be hangd then, Lady !
are ye a Coward now ?

CEL. I cannot speake to him.

DEM. oh me !

LEO. there was a sigh to blowe a Church downe.
Soe, now theire eies are fix'd ; the small Shot plaies ;
they will come to th' Battrey anon.

CEL. he weepes extreemely.

LEO. Raile at him now.

CEL. I dare not.

LEO. I am glad on't.

CEL. nor dare beleeeve his Teares.

DEM. you may, blesd Beautie ;
for those thick streames that troubled my Repentance,
are drop'd out long agoe.

LEO. you see how he looks.

CEL. what haue I to doe how he looks ? how look'd
he then,

when with a poyson'd tooth he bytt mine hono^r ?
It was your Councell too, to scorne and slight him.

LEO. I, if ye saw fitt cause : and you confes'd too,
except this Sin, he was the bravest Gentleman,
the sweetest, noblest—I take nothing from ye,
nor from your Anger ; vse him as ye please ;
for, to say truth, he hath deservd your Justice.
But still consider what he has byn to you.

CEL. 'pray doe not blind me thus.

DEM. oh, gentle Mistris,
if there were any hope to expiate
a Sin so great as mine, by Intercession,
by praies, by daylie Teares, by dying for ye,
oh, what a Joy would close theis Eies that love ye !

LEO. they say, women have tender harts; I know
not;

I am sure mine melts.

CEL. Sir, I forgive ye hartely,
and all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
and wish ye a fitt Beutie to your vertues;
mine is too poore. in peace I part thus from ye!—
I must looke back.—gods keepe your Grace!—he's here
still. [Exit.

DEM. She has forgiven me.

LEO. She has directed ye :
vp, vp, and follow like a man; away, Sir!
She look'd behind her twice. her heart dwells here, Sir;
ye drew Teares from her too; she cannot freize thus.
The Dore's left open too; are ye a man?
Are ye alive? doe you vnderstand her meaning?
have ye Blood and Spirit in ye?

DEM. I dare not trouble her.

LEO. nay, if ye will be nipt i'th' head with nothing,
walk whining vp and downe—"I dare not, I can not"—
be govern'd by your Feare, and quench your fire out!
Strike now or never! faint hart—you know what, Sir.
a Devill on't! stands this dore ope for nothing!
soe, get ye togeather, and be naught. Now, to secure all,
will I goe fetch out a more soveraigne Plaister. [Exeunt.

See^a 6^a. Enter Antigonus, Seleuchus, Ptolomy, Lisimachus,
Gent., Leiutenant, &c.

ANT. This Peace is fairely made.

SEL. would your Grace wish vs
to put in more? Take what ye please, we yield it:
The Honor don vs by your Son constraines it,
your noble Son.

ANT. It is sufficient, Princes.

and, now we are once againe, one Mind, one Body,
and one Sword shall strike for vs.

Lys. Let Prince Demetrius
but lead vs on (for we are his vowd Servants)
against the strength of all the world wee'll buckle.

PROL. and even from all that Strength wee'll catch at
Victory.

SEL. oh, had I now recover'd but the Fortune
I lost in Antioch, where mine vncle perish'd!
but that were but to surfeyt me with Blessings.

Lys. you lost a sweet child there.

SEL. name it no more, Sir;
this is no time to entertaine such Sorrowes.—
will your Maestie doe vs the Hono^r we may see the
Prince,
and wayt vpon him?

Enter Leontius.

ANT. I wonder he stayes from vs.—
how now, Leontius? wher's my Son?

SEL. brave Captaine!

Lys. old valiant Soldier!

LEO. your Graces are all wellcom!—
your son, and't please your Grace, is Cassheird yonder,
Cast from his Mistris' favo^r; and such a Coile there is,
such fending, and such proving! She stands off,
and will by no meanes yield to Composition;
He offers any Peace, his Body to her.

SEL. she is a hard Lady denies that Caution.

LEO. and now they whyne, and now they rave: 'faith
Princes,
'twere a good point of Charitie to preece 'em;
for lesse then such a Power will do iust nothing:
and if you meane to see him, there it must be,

for there will he grow, till he be transplanted.

SEL. 'heseech your Grace, let's wayt vpon you thether,
that I may see that Beutie dares deny him,
that scornefull Beutie.

PROL. I should thinck it worsse now ;
ill brought vp Beutie.

ANT. she has too much reason for't ;
which, with too great a greif, I shame to thinck of.
But wee'll goe see this Game.

Lys. rather this wonder.

ANT. Be you our Guid, Leontius. Here's a new Peace.
[Ex^t.

Sce^a 7^e. Enter Demetrius and Celia.

CEL. Thus farr you shall perswade me ; Still to Hono^r
ye,
still to live with ye, Sir, or neere about ye ;
for, not to lye, you haue my first and last Love :
But since you have conceivd an Evill against me,
an Evill that so much concerns your hono^r,
that Hono^r aym'd by all at for a patterne ;
and though that be a falce Thought, and confes'd too,
and much repentance falne in showres to purge it ;
yet, whilst that great Respect I ever bore ye,
dwells in my Blood, and in my hart that dutie ;
had it but byn a dreame, I must not touch ye.

DEM. oh, you will make some other happie !

CEL. never ;
vpon this hand, I'll seale that Faith.

DEM. we may kisse :
put not those out o'th' peace too.

CEL. those I'll give ye,
so there you wilbe pleasd to pitch your Vltra ;
I will be merry with ye, Sing, discourse with ye,
be your poore Mistris still ; in truth, I love ye !



Enter Antigonus, Seleuchus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Leontius,
Lieutenant, &c.

DEM. stay! who are theis?

LYS. a very handsom Lady.

LEO. as e're you saw.

SEL. 'pitty her hart's so cruell.

LYS. how dos your Grace? He stands still; will not
heare vs.

PTOL. we come to serve ye, Sir, in all our For-
tunes.

LYS. he bowes a litle now; he's strangely alter'd!

SEL. ha! pray ye a word, Leontius! pray a word
with ye,

Lysimachus! you both knew mine Enanthe,
I lost in Antioch, when the Towne was taken,
mine vnkle slayne; Antiochus had the sack on't.

LYS. yes, I remember well the Girle.

SEL. me thincks now,
that Face is wondrous like her. I have her Picture:
the same, but more yeers on her; the very same!

LYS. a cherry to a cherry is not liker.

SEL. looke on her Eyes.

LEO. most certaine she is like her;
many a time have I dandled her in theis armes, Sir;
and I hope who will more.

ANT. what's that ye looke at?

SEL. this Picture, and that Ladie, Sir.

ANT. hah! They are neere;
they only erre in Time.

LYS. did you marck that blush there?

SEL. that came the nearest.

I must speake to her.

LEO. you'll quickly be resolu'd.

SEL. your Name, Sweet Ladie ?

CEL. Enanthe, Sir : and this to beg your Blessing.

SEL. doe you know me ?

CEL. yf you be the King Seleuchus,
I know you are my Father.

SEL. peace a litle !
where did I loose ye !

CEL. at the Sack of Antioch,
where my good vncle dide, and I was taken,
by a meane Soldier taken ; By this Prince,
this noble Prince, redeem'd from him againe,
where ever since I have remaind his Servant.

SEL. my Ioies are now too full ! wellcom, Enanthe !
mine owne, my dearest, and my best Enanthe !

DEM. and mine too desperate !

SEL. you shall not thinck so :
This is a Peace indeed.

ANT. I hope it shalbe,
and ask it first.

CEL. most roiall Sir, ye haue it.

DEM. I once more next.

SEL. you must not be denide, Sir.

CEL. by me, I am sure he must not, sure he shall
not :

kneeling I give it too ; kneeling I take it ;
and, from this howre, no envious spight e're part vs !

ALL. The Gods give happie Ioies ! all comforts to
ye !

DEM. my new Enanthe !

ANT. Come, Beate all the Droms up,
and all the noble Instruments of warr !
let 'em fill all the Kingdome with their sound ;
and those the brazen arch of heaven beat through,
whilst to the Temple we conduct theis Two.

LEO. may they be ever Loving, ever yong,
and, ever worthie of those Lynes they sproong,
may their faire Issues walke with Time along!

LEIU. And hang a Coward now! and there's my
Song. [Ex^t.

FINIS.

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